VOL. CCXXVI, No. 2936
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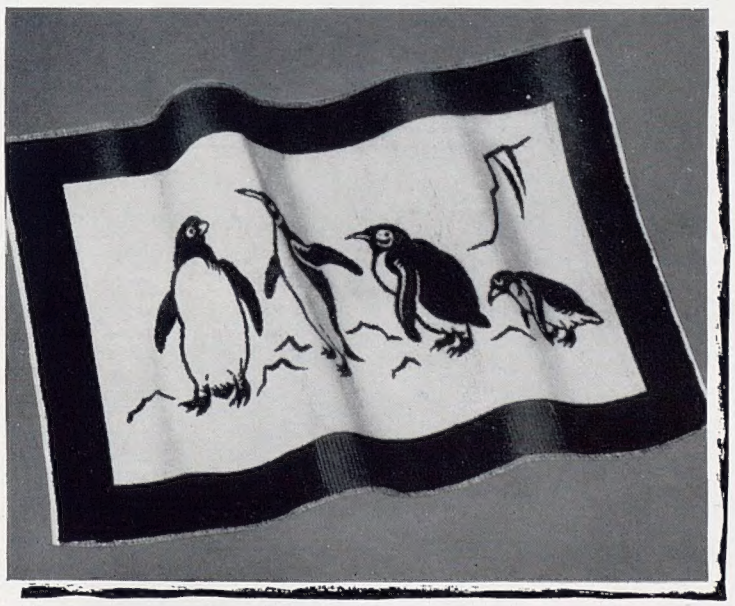

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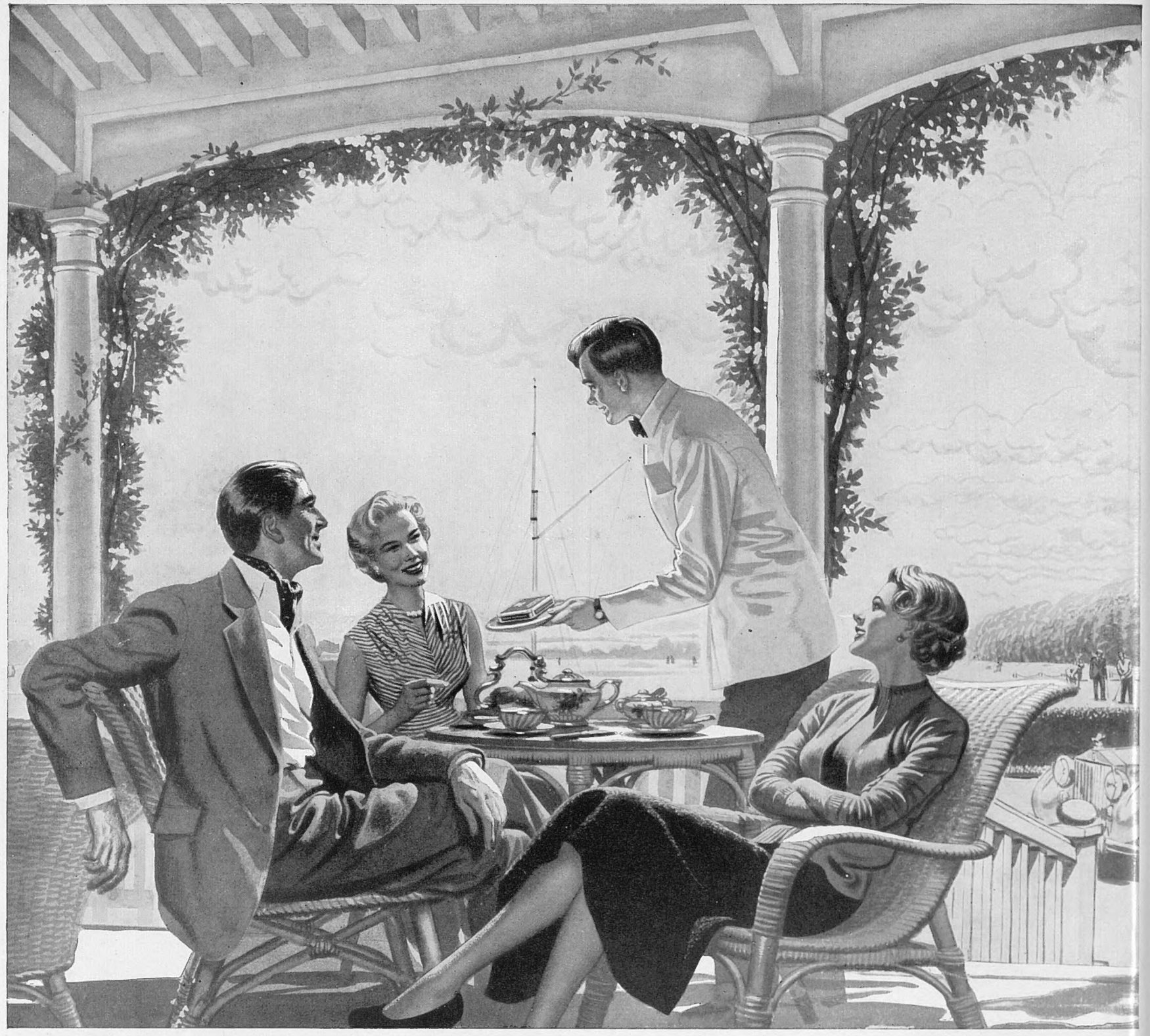

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Volume CCXXVI No. 2936

The SPHERE, London, July 7, 1956

# The SPHERE

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**POLISH WORKERS RISE IN POZNAN—TANKS AND TROOPS PATROL THE STREETS OF THE CITY: A Russian-designed T34 medium tank of the Polish Army stands guard outside the National Bank of Poland, in Poznan, after riots had swept the city. The rebellion took place while the Industrial Fair was being held and was prepared and timed so as to make the most impression on the foreign visitors. The Communist authorities brought in medium tanks and lorried infantry to restore order.**

The well-prepared rebellion in the Polish city of Poznan, which broke out at the moment when the International Industrial Fair was being held there, seems to have been due more to immediate grievances than to a fixed desire to oust the Communist regime. The largest school of thought claims that the rising was immediately due to the recent policy of leniency following the end of the Stalin cult and the free expression this gave to Polish workers to voice their grievances at their very low standards of living. According to this explanation the rebellion is of the same nature as that of the workers in Eastern Germany on June 17, 1953, which occurred immediately after the Soviet High Commissioner had initiated a new policy with fewer restrictions and release of political prisoners. Similar measures have been taking place in Poland during the last few weeks. A minority view holds that the rising was primarily political, staged with a view to using the ready-made Western audience at the Fair to help get rid of an unpopular regime. Probably this idea played a large part in the rioting, but it seems unlikely that it was its immediate cause. (Other pictures on page 10.)

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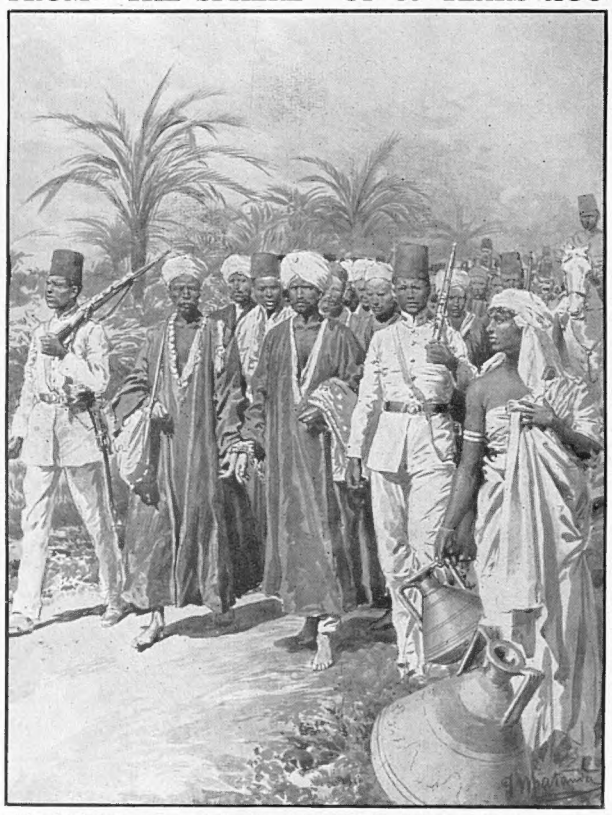


**THE MURDER OF A BRITISH OFFICER IN EGYPT:** A drawing by F. Matania shows prisoners under the arrest of Egyptian police after the attack in June 1906, by a number of fellaheen on five officers of the mounted infantry who had gone to the village of Denshawi, near Tanta, to shoot pigeons. In the attack one British officer was killed and two others injured. Fifty-two of the villagers were arrested. Their trial resulted in four of the ringleaders being sentenced to death, two to penal servitude for life, one to fifteen years' and six to seven years' imprisonment.

### NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

**Drawings.**—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

**Photography.**—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

**Manuscripts.**—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

# A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

**A Gift Horse.**—Mr. Macmillan, in announcing his promised cut in Government expenditure, on paper has shown the sceptic rogues they lied. His "interim" statement shows a net reduction of £76,000,000—after allowing for announced increases of £30,000,000. The bulk of that £76,000,000 figure can be called *new* economy. The old saw which deprecates looking a gift horse in the mouth should perhaps deter us from closer scrutiny. The horse is a "gift" horse because Chancellors have so often declared that without fundamental changes in policy (requiring important legislation) no more cuts were possible. Despite the old saw, responsible critics have looked into the mouth and discovered old, yellow and worn teeth. They describe the economies (and the Chancellor admits it) as a mere running down of stocks. And they complain that the animal is only an old charger, a war-worn "hairy." A costly animal from the national stud of civilian expenditure could easily have been substituted or added. Mr. Macmillan defends himself by relying not only on the fact that it is an interim statement but an interim cut. The whole problem of defence costs is under reconsideration, and from that may come more permanent reliefs. His critics are unwilling to appear too churlish. A gift is a gift, a gesture has been made. But conventional good manners and all the old saws in circulation cannot evade the truth. Money has got to be found for industrial investment if we are to survive and maintain full employment, and those resources can never now be found from increased taxation or by any other means than by reduced Government spending. Even a healthy gift horse of a clear £100,000,000 is no more than a token.

**Inconsistencies.**—A journalist who continuously, day by day, or week by week, comments on the events of the day is quite certain to be caught out in inconsistency. I am well aware of the risks. My kind readers often keep me aware. Occasionally, I spot it without help. A week or so ago, I urged on our leaders the desirability of regaining our world-leadership by a decision to discontinue experiments with the H-bomb, "falling back" (as I ingenuously put it) on the ethics of Christianity as a means of regaining that world influence. To-day I am being urged to voice the anger and resentment felt by so many of my contemporaries and juniors with whom I come in contact over the "shameful policy" of our Tory Government in weakly and cowardly throwing away our great heritage which (they say) came to us as a trusteeship for the betterment of civilisation, not a *damnosa hereditas* to be willingly disposed of to any who clamour for a parcel of it. Is it possible, I asked myself, that the ethics of Christianity were never meant to apply internationally, but only between man and man? We burn with rage, it seems, at the humiliation to our country which results from General Robertson walking behind Nasser's triumphal chariot, or at the "selling of our Empire" for American dollars. We are determined that no more concessions should be offered to Cyprus, where our soldiers are murdered every day. But when an individual attacked in our street turns the other cheek to his aggressor, or a creditor forgives his debtor, or an aggrieved person decides not to prosecute, we sometimes applaud him as a Christian gentleman, and not a cowardly weakling. Vaguely, I see the difference and the difficulty. A hermit, who has parted with his great possessions and lives in a tub, can yet become a great spiritual influence. A nation which has pursued the same altruistic policy, may discover that its voice is drowned in the concert of great powers and that no other nation heeds its words of wisdom unless those words are backed with military and financial resources of the strongest kind. There may seem to be inconsistency in the Government's international policy on this question. In the matter of H-bomb experiments, it appears to agree that Christian ethics will not do. But with Suez and Trinidad the expedient may serve. And now with Cyprus? Surely this Government is more than half converted to international Christianity.

**Pilgrims of Eternity.**—I have long concluded that success in public life to a large extent depends on a man's powers to endure public banquets and the post-prandial oratory which follows. The banquets require a superb digestion, the oratory calls for patience and mental endurance of a high order, and I am quite sure it is more bearable to speak it than to listen to it. Indeed, men come with use to enjoy making speeches and positively to seek opportunities to indulge this vice. The listener's lot is harder, and Americans have always accepted the importance of the banquet and its fearful aftermath more gracefully than Englishmen. But on both sides of the Atlantic it has long been recognised that neither international diplomacy nor big business can succeed without the aid of turtle soup and champagne, cocktails and wisecracks, bromides and fine phrases. Let us now praise famous men, not least the Pilgrim diners. Some of them never miss a feast. Some do nothing but eat, drink, listen and be as merry as may be. But whether they make the phrases or listen to them, one and all deserve our admiration for their fine physique and superb control of their mental digestion, their patience and their patriotism. For years and years they have declaimed or listened to phrases and sentiments of cast-iron pattern stressing, for example, the importance of Anglo-American fellowship and of understanding between the great English-speaking nations. Always they have spoken the phrases and applauded them as if new-minted. And all the while the U.K. and the U.S. have managed to rub along somehow. So little Peterkin had best hold his jaw with his silly question: "What good comes of it at last?"

**Test of Endurance.**—The luck of the toss and the weather—an "immoral lottery"—has always had a big influence on a cricket match, whether played on a village green or on a Test ground. To that extent, chance may prevent the best team from winning. The same chance may turn a game into a test of endurance interesting only to experts. I still regard cricket *generally* as a delightful game to watch and to play, but I have not yet become even partially converted into regarding Test cricket as a religion. The best religions are designed to make one cheerful and happy, and when too accurate bowling, or an exaggerated sense of the importance of a game or the luck of the toss and the weather turns a Test match into a grim endurance test, I remain an obstinate heretic. Not for the thrill of watching 35 runs compiled in an hour's play should an unskilled lover of cricket—least of all a septuagenarian—risk the dangers and discomforts of a long day in the close atmosphere of the long room of the Pavilion at Lord's, a refuge from a bitter north wind, but also a museum of the crutches and crochets and new deaf aids of his contemporaries. Such an experience is a *memento mori* of men (and of cricket) which it is unwise to seek out. No doubt, it can be even more distressing to listen to cricket commentators on the buzz-box. For in the dissection of every stroke and in the repetition of the places in the field and of the bowling analysis madness surely lies for commentator and listener alike. Yet the high-priest of the cult, John Arlott, revels in his duties and declared that so thrilling a day's play as that third day at Lord's had never come his way before. Clearly the new cricket is for experts only. Television is better. There is less talk and one can do the business at home and in comfort and at short intervals. I sometimes vow that henceforth it will be (Test) cricket-on-the-hearth for me. But, of course, Arlott is quite right. One or two of the five days of a Test match produces, even for

## THE QUEEN MOTHER SEES STUDENTS' FASHIONS

**A FASHION SHOW AT KENSINGTON: The Queen Mother is seen in conversation with Sir Colin Anderson during the fashion show organised by the School of Fashion Design at the Royal College of Art. The bridal group is composed of Patricia Barker, who is wearing a wedding dress designed by student John Hogarth; Gina Colletta, of Brighton, and little Ann Byrne, of Hurlingham, West London.**

amateurs like me, a day of thrills, even if boundary hits are few, and on such days there is no better place to watch the game than the pavilion. But never again will I drive my car through the shambles of Victoria Gate to find at last a parking-place somewhere near Hatfield. "The world is too much with us, late and soon."

**Tax on Spending.**—An idea, given birth by a Cambridge economist and adopted by Mr. Gaitskell as a means of winning the next election, has been ventilated at Transport House and will enliven chapter two of the new charter—"Equality." One newspaper I looked at explained this new fiscal notion almost too simply and optimistically. It gave the impression that when Labour rules again, you and I will no longer be taxed on what we earn, simply on what we spend above the £2,000 line in a year. That would suit me very well. Alas, it is not as simple and considerate of the depressed middle section as that! More accurately, we shall go on being heavily taxed, and if, despite taxation, we suddenly discover that we can save a part of our income and invest it in approved saving securities (Premium Bonds? I fear not), Mr. Gaitskell's Chancellor will not surtax that saving. But why should we suddenly discover a means, which we have not found for many years, of putting anything by? You and I have often felt rather badly about those luxury spenders—the mink sisterhood, the drivers of gold-plated pantechnicons, the throwers of £5,000 birthday or deb. parties. We make do with sheepskin and flivvers; and a bottle of gin still goes a long way with us. We don't regard ourselves as luxury spenders. If Mr. Gaitskell can work out a fool-proof scheme to identify the restrained and honest spender and reward him, and to confound the slick and to bring into his net the spenders whose only bank is their wallets, he has my blessing. But I fear he has no Utopia just round the corner for the depressed, patient and restrained middle class, once said to be the backbone of England.

**Fun-Fair Mentality.**—It is said that there are two sides to almost every question. Certainly a good case on paper is usually produced by the opposing side. There is certainly a case for fun-fairs in their proper place. One would not set one up or put one down at the west door of the Abbey. Battersea Park, it was decided, is a reasonable place for a people's fun-fair, after the strong case of the Opposition had been rejected. Now the Minister has decided that it is reasonable to provide it with a fun tower, 162 ft. high. That decision, because of the tower's height and prominence, justifies a reopening of the case by the defeated, who sought in vain to keep Battersea Park as a peaceful air-lung in a congested area. Beyond that, the tower is likely to draw larger crowds of revellers who will disregard the few safeguards which conditioned the decision to make a fun-fair permanent. The Minister's decision astonishes me. He laughs at town planning needs and ideals, throws a spanner into the traffic problem, outrages good taste and common sense, and directly flouts the Chancellor's appeal to authorities to go slow with all but essential new building. I could imagine a very new and very sentimental Socialist Minister digging himself in in popular favour with the overriding plea of "giving the kiddies a good time." I should have supposed that the present Minister would look deeper and more coolly into the implications of his vulgar and tasteless decision. He even admits that the design is without merit. Ministers don't like thinking again. It is a question of face. I hope Mr. Sandys will sacrifice his face to save his soul, if not his job and his Government. The last of these may still be worth saving—if there are no more gaffes about towers.

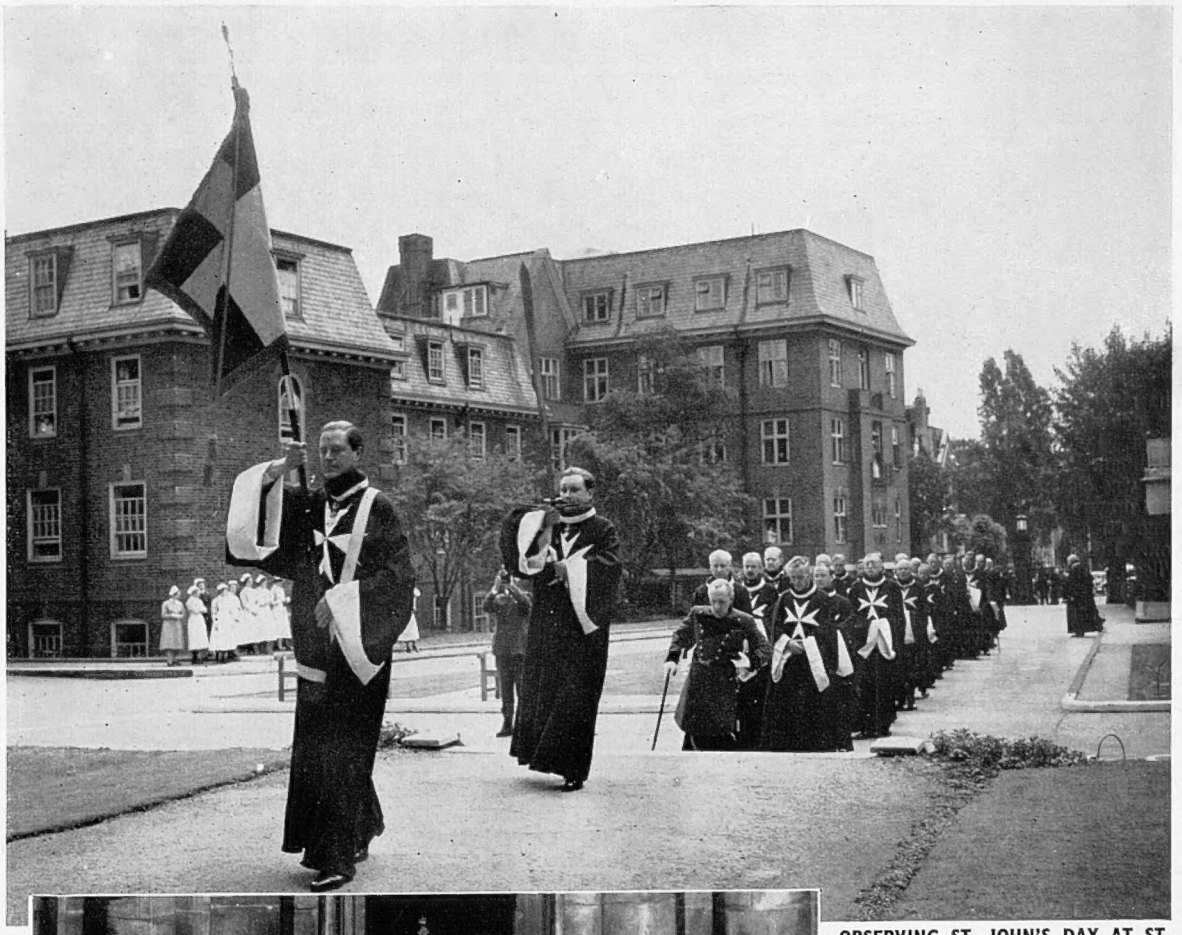
**Loaves and Foxes.**—A neighbour of mine in West Sussex, having discovered six loaves of bread—*inter alia*—in a fox's earth, raises an interesting economic problem for planners of our food supply. In the bad old days, fox cubs which, like all young things, need playthings and toys, made do with rabbit skulls. To-day, in the absence of rabbits, their parents fall back on loaves of bread. The rabbits, when allowed to survive, played havoc with our bread supplies. The question now before Mr. Heathcoat Amory is whether the foxes cost our country as much bread when, in the form of loaves, they steal it for playthings for their young, as in the old days rabbits did by nibblings at earlier stages of wheat production. Perhaps it is not yet a "nearly run thing"; but to judge by the number of tenanted earths round my home, this may well become a new and serious inroad into our home-grown supplies. Scotland Yard has already been instructed to inquire into the methods employed by the thieves, and all baker's shops and their delivery vans have been warned to take special precautions. There the matter rests at present. Meanwhile, I hesitate to report to the Pest Officer the strong come-back by rabbits in my woods. I welcome the chance once more to observe animal life during my country walks and excuse myself on the ground that soon enough the Minister may issue a directive to us all to preserve and encourage the rabbit wherever we see it, in the interests of food production.

THE OLD STAGER

## A TRADITIONAL MIDSUMMER CEREMONY AT LONDON'S GUILDHALL

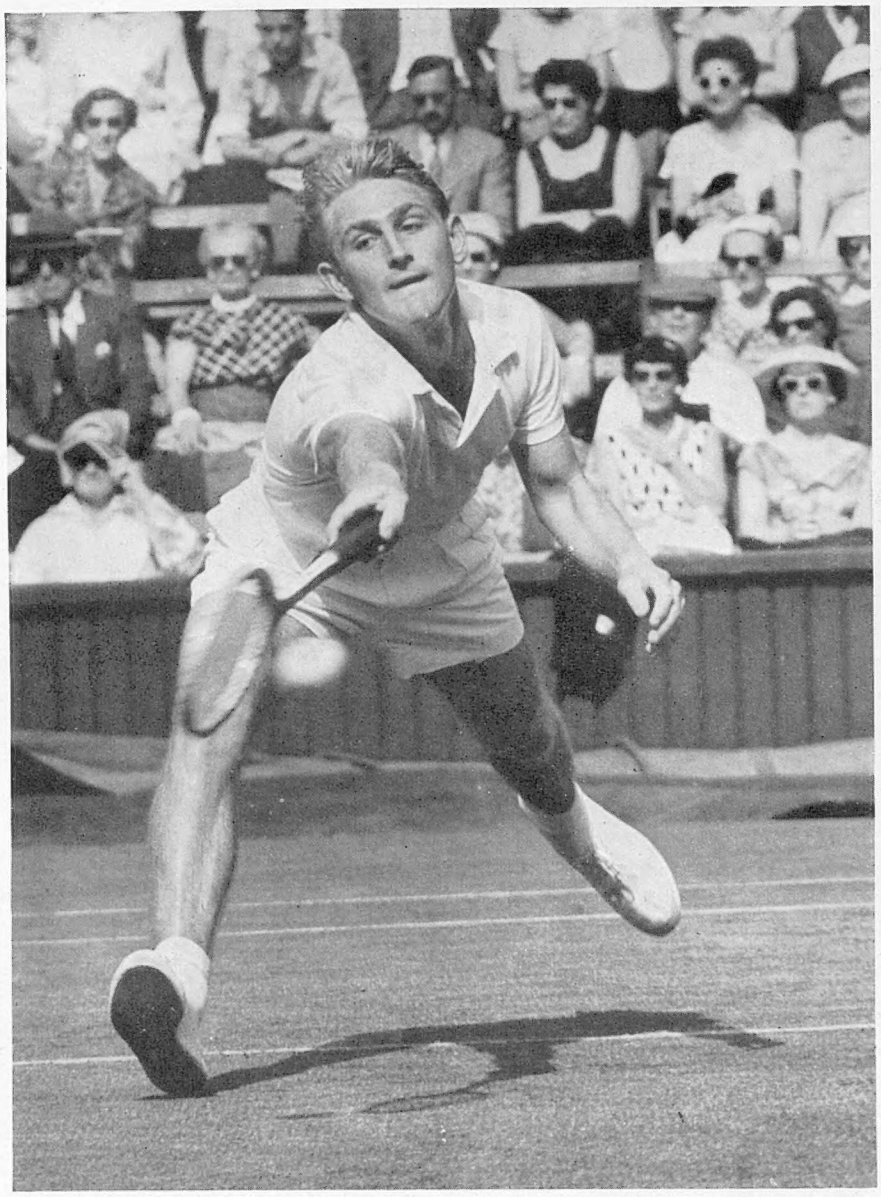
**THE ELECTION OF TWO NEW SHERIFFS AND OTHER OFFICERS OF THE CITY OF LONDON: Sir James Miller, a former Lord Provost of Edinburgh, is making his address at Guildhall after being elected Sheriff at a meeting of liverymen of the Guilds in Common Hall. Also elected as Sheriff was Mr. Frederick A. Hoare, who is a partner in the banking firm of Messrs. Hoare and Co., of Fleet Street. The two new Sheriffs will assume their office in September.**

## THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA PARADE IN LONDON

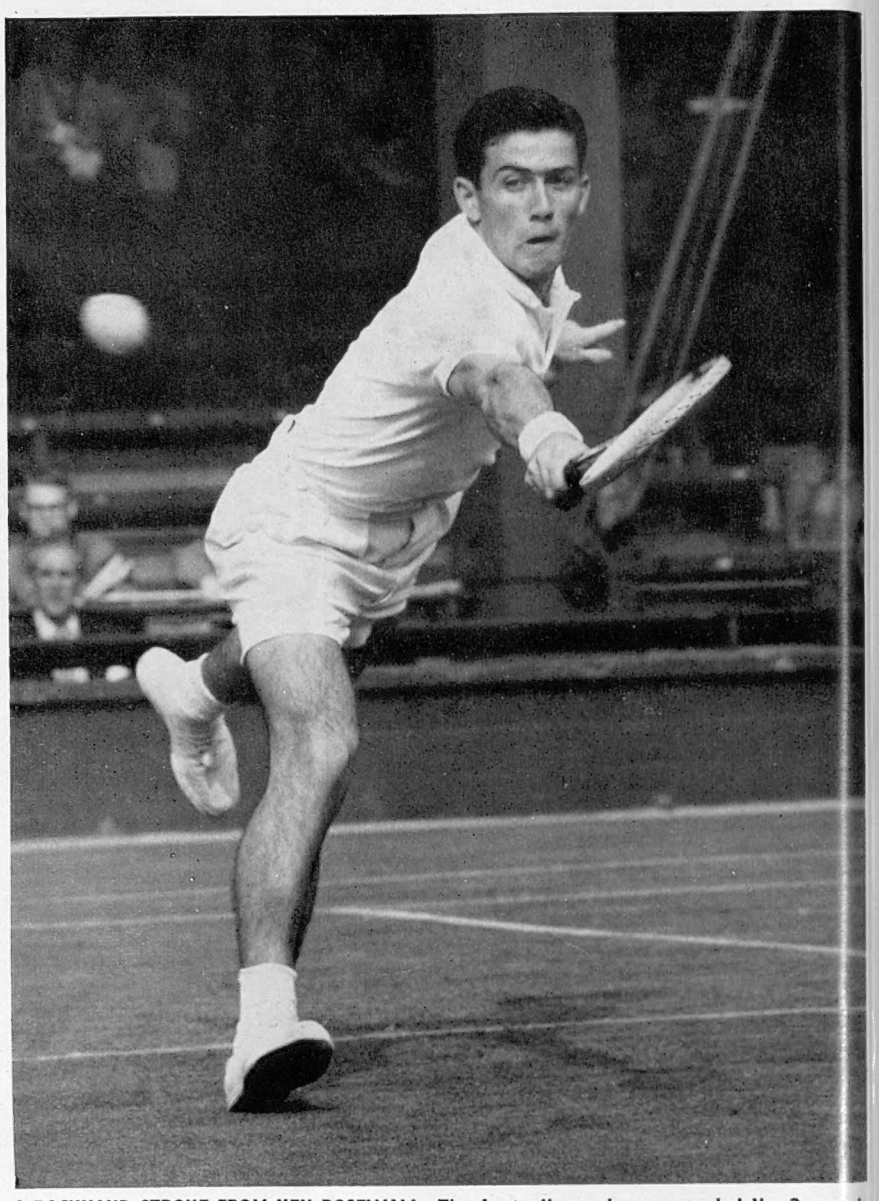


**OBSERVING ST. JOHN'S DAY AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD: Members of the Sovereign Military Order of St. John of Jerusalem and of Malta, are seen walking in procession to the chapel of the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth for a special service on St. John's Day. Leading the procession is the standard-bearer, Dermot de Trafford. He is followed by Viscount Furness bearing the sword.**

*On left—*
**OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL: The officers and members of the Order are seen wearing their uniforms for the celebrations. The hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth is now celebrating its centenary.**



THE NO. 1 SEEDED PLAYER: Lew Hoad, of Australia, is in action against T. T. Fancutt, of South Africa, in the second round of the men's singles. This was the round in which two of the seeded players—Patty (United States) and Davidson (Sweden)—were beaten.



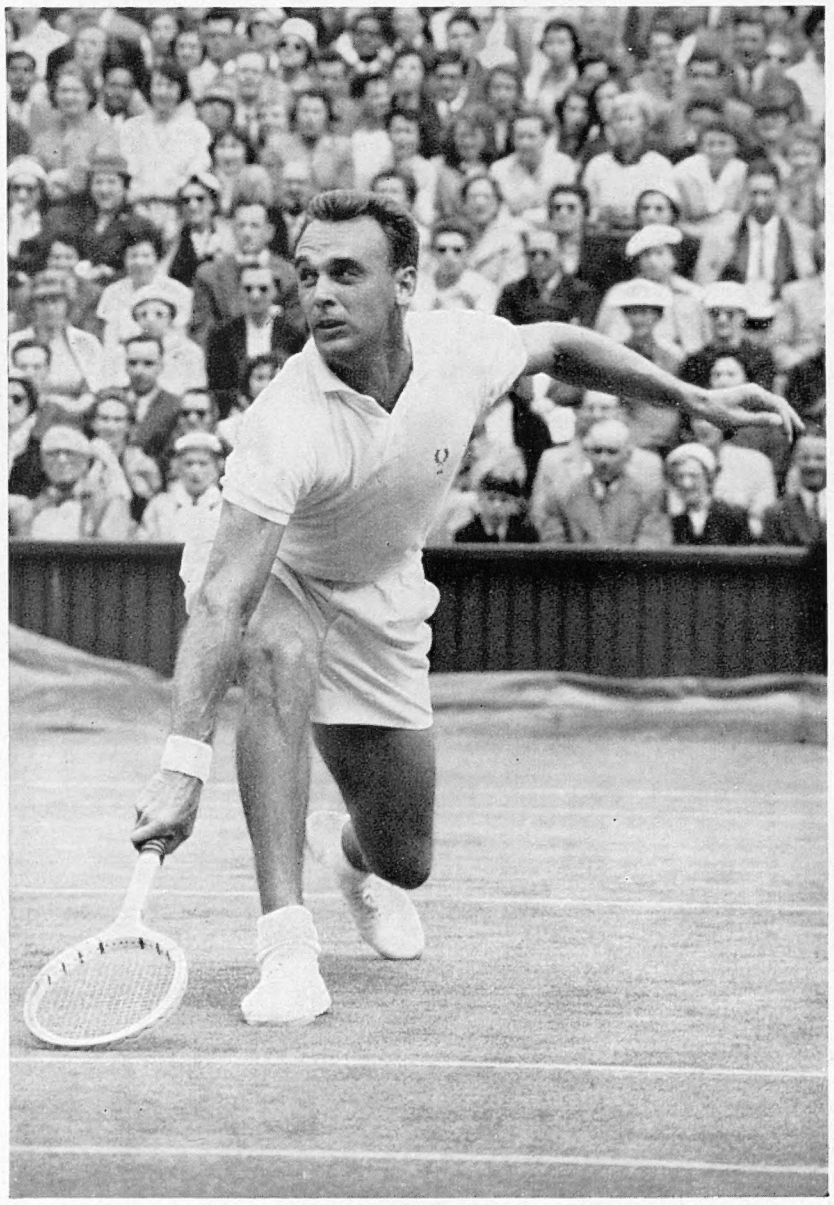
A BACKHAND STROKE FROM KEN ROSEWALL: The Australian, who was seeded No. 2, was in excellent form from the first game he played at Wimbledon. He was one of the two Australian players who reached the semi-finals in the men's singles championships.

# SUCCESSES AT WIMBLEDON

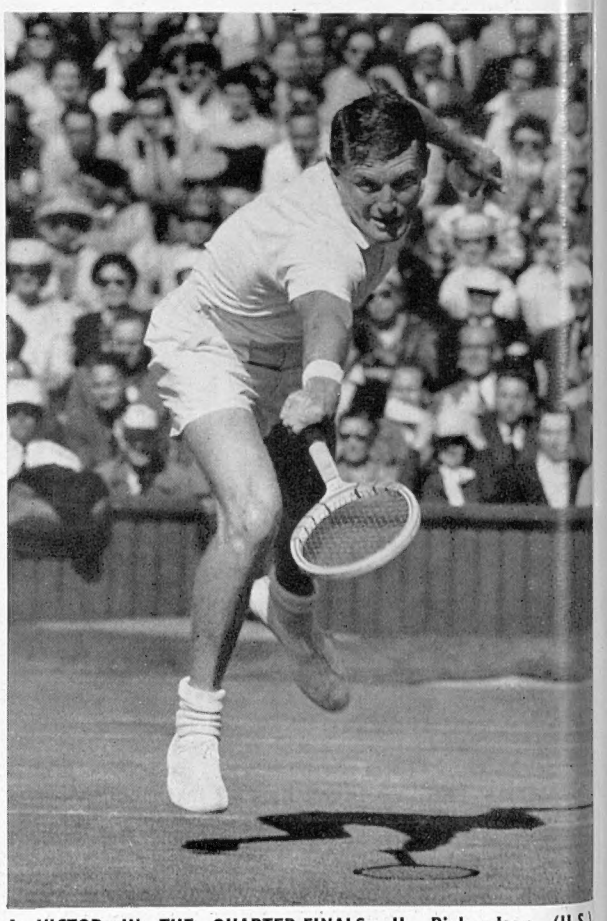
*Some of the Players who Reached the Later Stages of the Championships*

One of the most remarkable features of this year's Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon was the reversal of form in the early stages of the Men's Singles. By the time the quarter-finals were reached, four of the seeded players had been knocked out. The giant-killing began with the defeat of J. Drobny, of Egypt, by the Indian R. Krishnan. The ex-champion, who was clearly out of form, went down in four sets. Then came an even greater sensation. Britain's young R. K. Wilson triumphed over the great Budge Patty from the United States. Again, a seeded player was overcome in four sets. Next, in the same afternoon A. J. Cooper, of Australia, beat Sweden's seeded S. Davidson. After this, in the third round, K. Nielsen, of Denmark, last year's runner-up, fell to the Chilean L. Ayala. Unfortunately none of these giant-killers survived into the last eight. The unseeded quarter-finalists were M. J. Anderson and N. A. Fraser (both from Australia); J. A. Morris (U.S.); and U. Schmidt (Sweden). With them were the seeded players L. A. Hoad, K. R. Rosewall, H. Richardson and V. Seixas. As was expected, this seeded quartet reached the semi-finals.

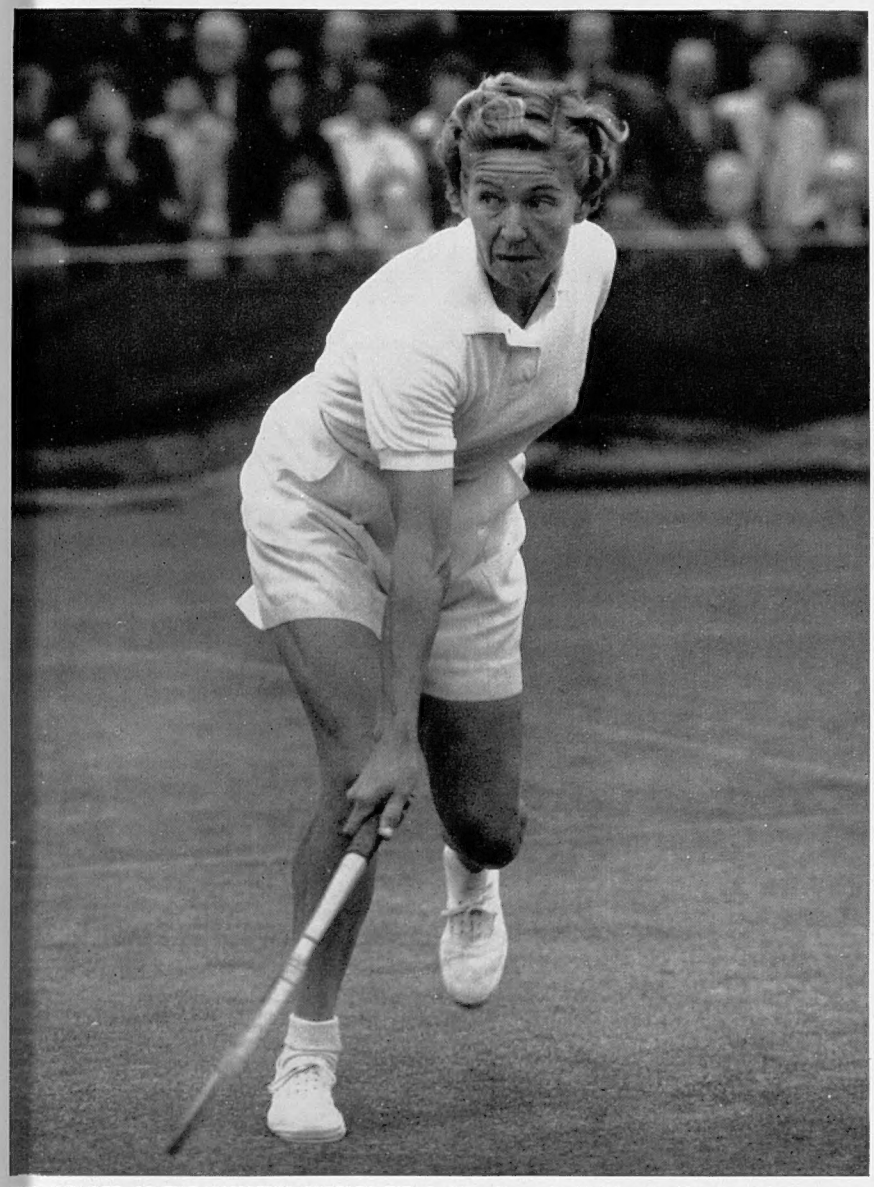
The Women's Singles Championships provided no sensations of this kind. In the last eight, seven were seeded. Only Mrs. Knode, of the U.S.A., had been defeated among those seeded, and the single non-seeded player was Miss P. E. Ward, of Great Britain. Miss Ward continued her triumphant progress by surprisingly beating her fellow countrywoman, Miss A. Mortimer.



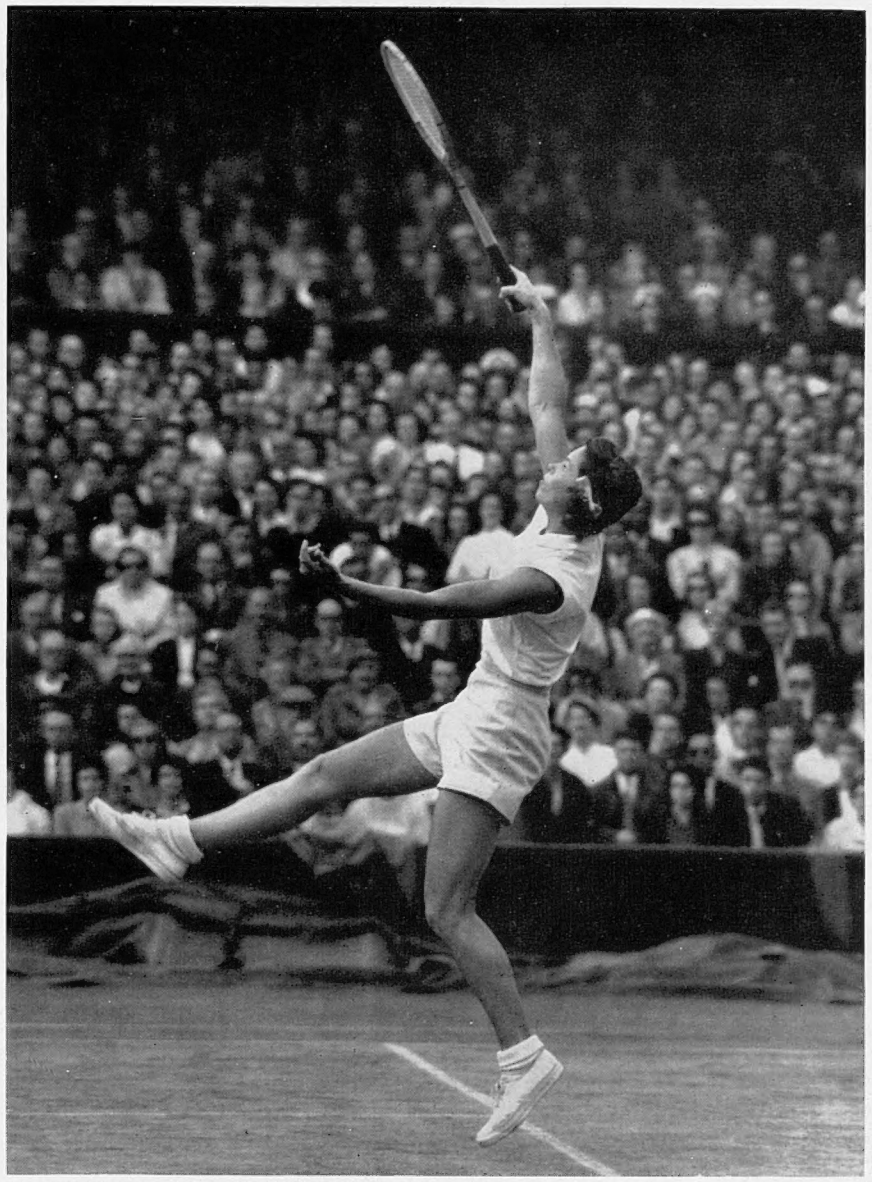
AN AMERICAN TRIUMPHS OVER A FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN: Vic Seixas, of Philadelphia, seeded No. 8, defeats H. Flam, from Beverly Hills, California, in the third round. After two more rounds he became one of the two American men's semi-finalists.



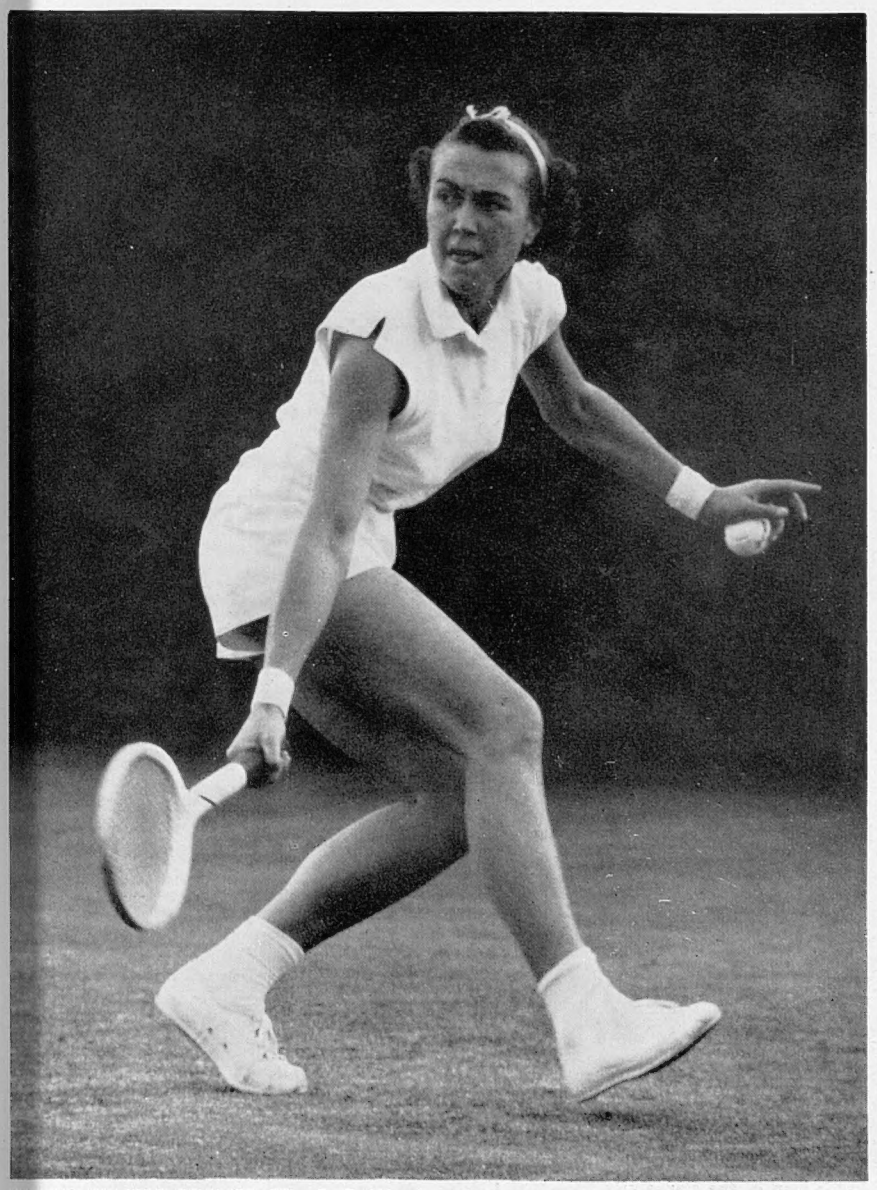
A VICTOR IN THE QUARTER-FINALS: H. Richardson (U.S.), the No. 6 seeded player, is in play against N. A. Fraser (Australia), whom he beat in the quarter-finals.



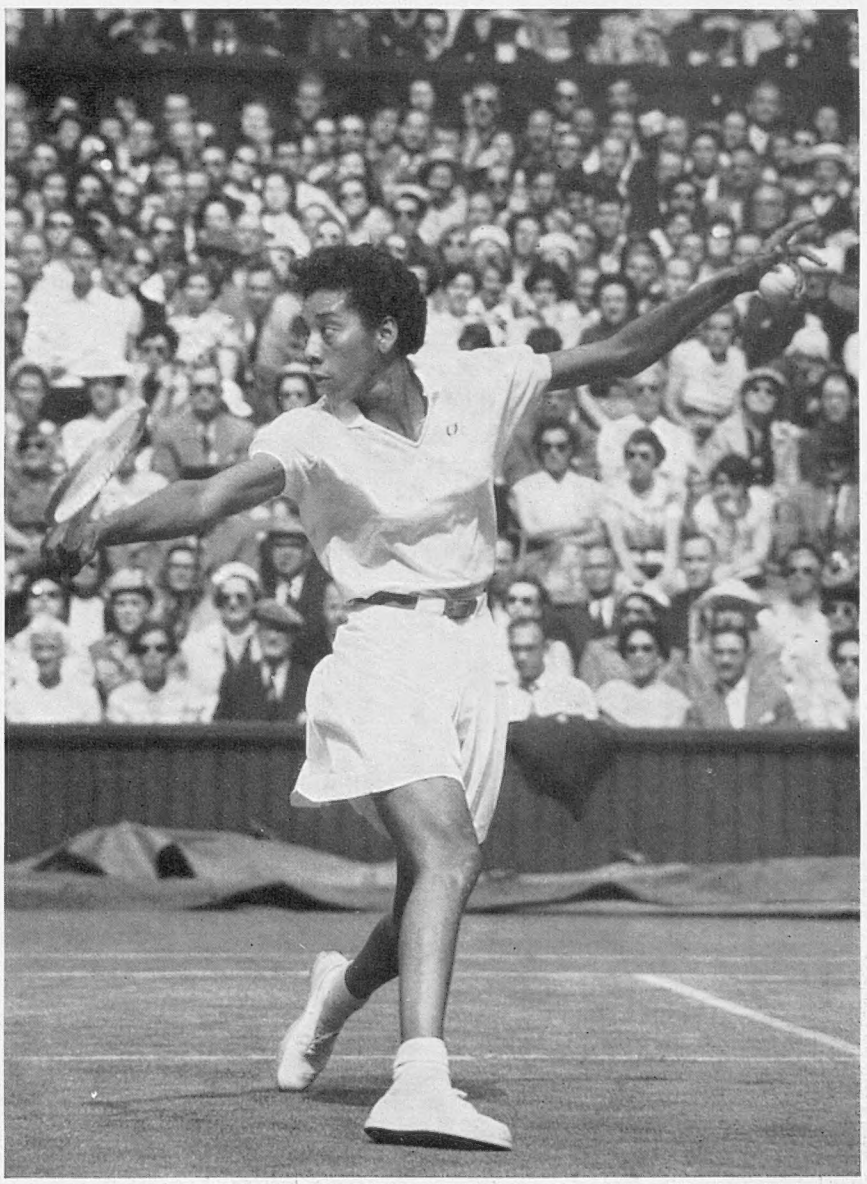
THE HOLDER OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES TITLE: Miss Brough (U.S.), the No. 1 seeded woman player and winner of the championship at Wimbledon in 1955, passed comfortably through the early matches to become one of the last eight in the Women's Singles.



AN OVERHEAD SMASH FROM MRS. FLEITZ: This action picture was taken during the match in which the American defeated Mrs. Z. Kormoczi, of Hungary. The last eight places in the Women's Singles were divided equally between America and Great Britain.



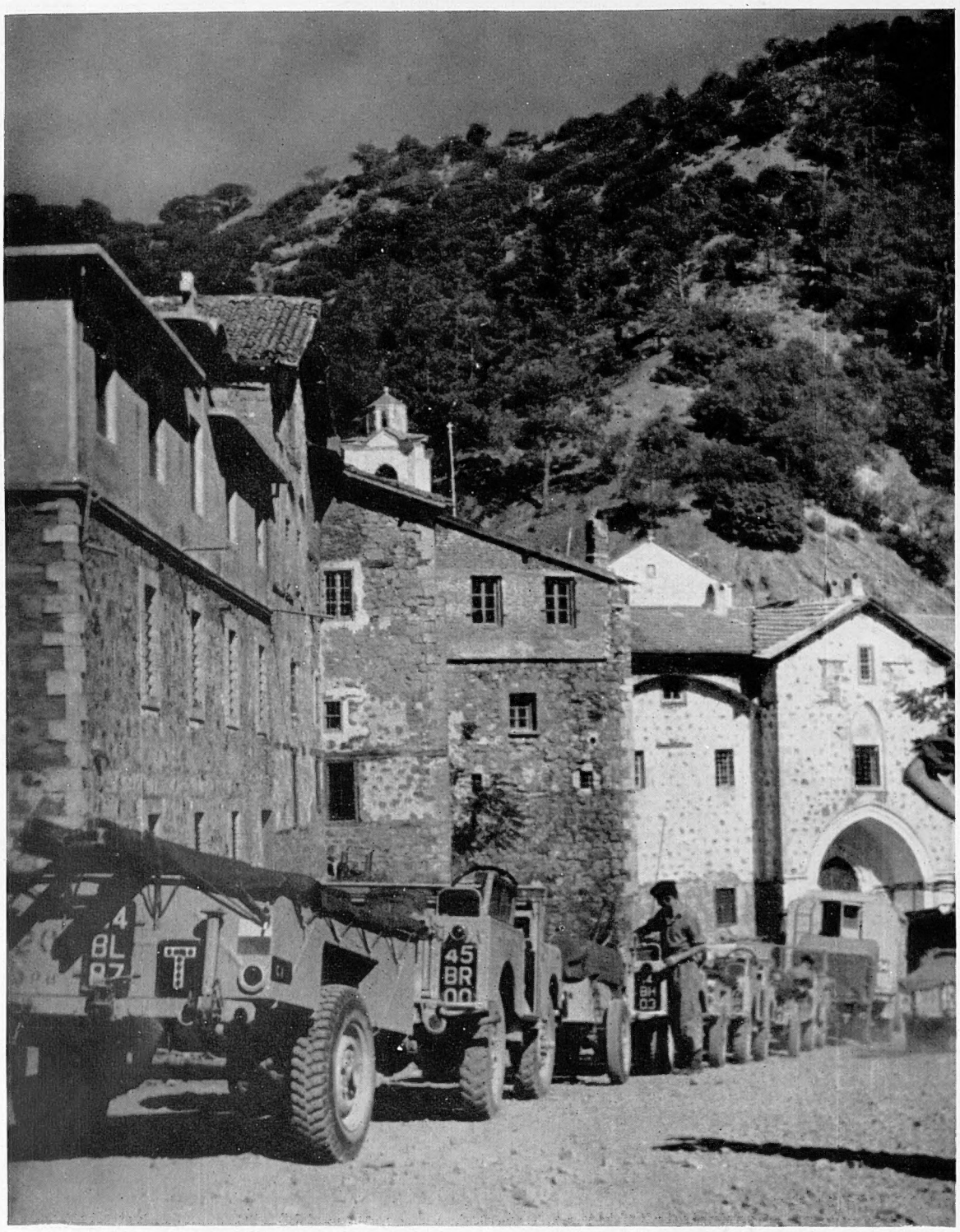
AN ENGLISH SEMI-FINALIST: Miss P. E. Ward, of Guildford, an unseeded player, reached the semi-finals of the Women's Singles by her surprise victory over Miss Angela Mortimer, also of Great Britain, whom she defeated very comfortably in two straight sets.



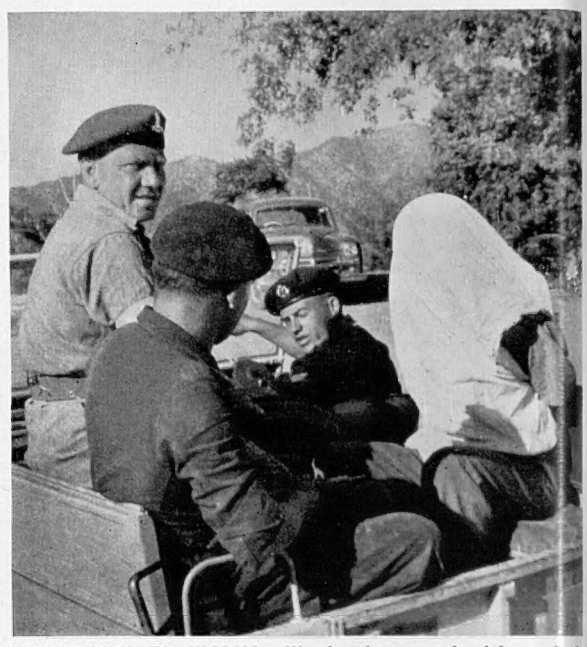
A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL FIRST APPEARANCE AT WIMBLEDON: Miss Althea Gibson (U.S.) is seen during her victory over Britain's Miss A. Shilcock. Although it was her first appearance at Wimbledon, Miss Gibson showed she thoroughly deserved her place as a seeded player.

# MOUNTAIN SEARCH IN CYPRUS

*"Lucky Alphonse," a Sixteen-Day Patrol in the Mountains, Results in a Large Measure of Success for the Security Forces*



**SECURITY COLUMNS IN THE MOUNTAINS: A military patrol leaves its vehicles in the courtyard of a hillside monastery while the search goes on. Operation "Lucky Alphonse" involved the use of some 2,000 troops from all units in the island and lasted for sixteen days. The area swept by the troops included the dense Paphos forest and the mountain ranges.**

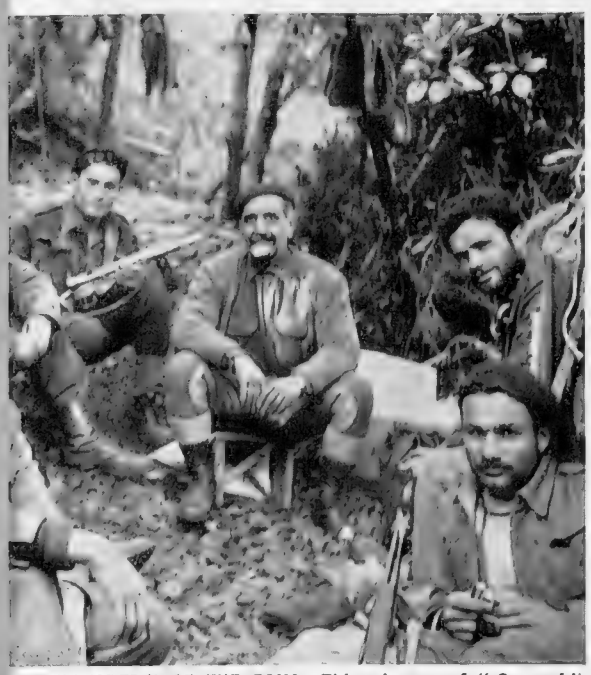


**THE RETURN TO NICOSIA: His head covered with a cloth to prevent recognition, a captured terrorist is taken to prison in the capital. Opposite him sits an armed guard.**

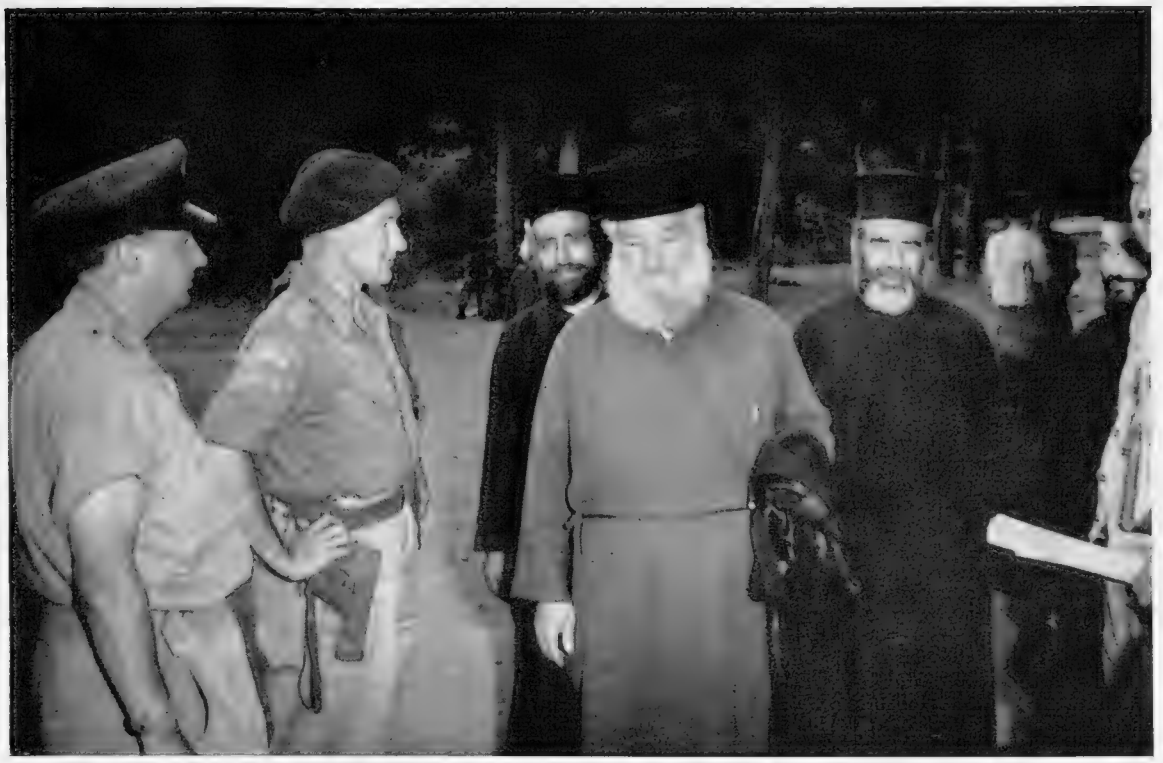
The mountain sweep, "Lucky Alphonse," which was carried out by 2,000 troops drawn from all the units now serving in Cyprus, turned out to be one of the most successful searches yet carried out in the island. Although the illusive Dighenis managed to escape the net, an entire gang was captured and the supply system of the other groups severely dislocated. On more than one occasion "General" Grivas almost walked into the ambushes that were set for him, but each time his guerilla training enabled him to slip away at the last moment into the dense wooded hillsides. The sweep has provided the security forces with a great deal of information regarding the terrorists and with a ready-made identification file in several photographs captured during the search. Large quantities of weapons, ammunition and food were also unearthed as the various supply caches came to light. In one dump, wireless equipment in working order, food, bombs, clothing and first-aid kit were discovered. For most of the time the monastery at Kykko served as a Brigade headquarters for directing the various phases of the sweep. An initial search of the monastery confirmed previous suspicions that it was serving as a supply and information centre for Eoka gangs which were operating in the mountains.

**"TO UNCLE GEORGE": A paratrooper prepares to send a mortar bomb into a terrorist hideout. The inscription refers to "General George" Grivas, the Greek leader of the Eoka.**

**MORTARS IN THE MOUNTAINS: Men of the Parachute Regiment use mortars to bombard terrorist hideouts in the hillsides. The tortuous nature of the terrain makes the easily-handled mortar the ideal weapon for bringing down fire on hillsides and valleys where the terrorist gangs have been spotted by aircraft or patrols.**



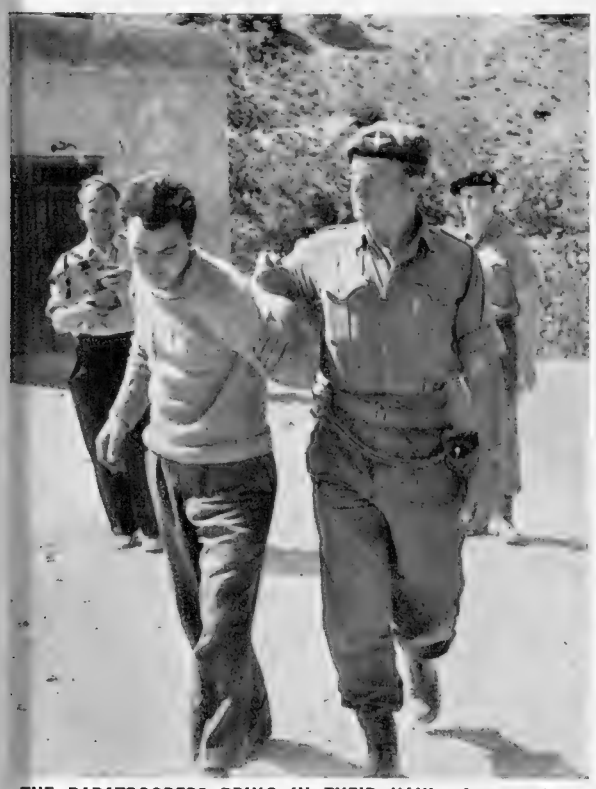
THE "LEADER" OF THE EOKA: This picture of "General" Grivas (centre) seated among fellow terrorists was found by security forces during their search in the rugged Troodos Mountains region of the Island.



TERRORIST HIDEOUT IN A MONASTERY: The Abbot of Kykko leaves the monastery accompanied by his monks after the military authorities had decided that they had been sheltering terrorists. Documentary evidence was found which confirmed that the monastery had been used as a supply centre.

THE PURSUIT GOES ON: A patrol of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry follows hard on the heels of the Grivas gang after it had been disturbed in the sweep. "General" Grivas had several narrow escapes from capture.

MONKS AWAIT QUESTIONING: Two of the monks who were arrested after the search of Kykko Monastery await questioning at a local military headquarters. Altogether a total of five monks or novices were held by the security authorities.



THE PARATROOPERS BRING IN THEIR HAUL: A terrorist is brought down to Brigade headquarters in Kykko monastery after his capture in the mountains by troops.

COLD SHOWER ON A HOT DAY: These troops taking part in the mountain sweep have found a hillside spring and make the most of the welcome opportunity to take a cold shower. A bath is rare when forces are in the mountains. The nature of the terrain makes the slightest relaxation of their vigilance of immense importance to escaping terrorists.

# THE POZNAN RIOTS

*The Communist Authorities put the City Under Rigid Martial Law to Prevent the Rebellion Spreading*

Immediate and ruthless repression of the rioters was the mark of the Communist reaction to the Poznan rebellion. After comparative calm had returned to the industrial city, troops were still occupied with rounding up the isolated bodies of armed men who continued to hold out against them in the assurance that they would receive no mercy if taken alive. At the same time as it announced its intention of savage penalties against the ringleaders the regime also adopted a conciliatory approach towards the majority of the city's workers who, according to the official spokesmen, were "misled" by "provocateurs" and "bandits." In the broadcast of Mr. Cyrankiewicz, the Prime Minister, which followed the suppression of the revolt, pointed reference was made to the fact that the "economic demands of the workers were, to a large extent, justified, and their grievances were understandable." This did not prevent the Communist authorities from taking indiscriminate reprisals when the rebellion threatened to get out of hand and spread to other cities in the country.

**POLISH WORKERS RISE IN POZNAN:** Heaps of paper and office files smoulder outside a Government building after it had been sacked by rioting workers. The City Court, the State prosecuting authority, and the Security Service were devastated. The authorities admitted that forty-eight victims, mainly from security forces, were buried on the third day of the rioting.

**TANKS IN THE STREETS:** Demonstrators gather around a tank during the rioting. It was reported that several bodies of armed workers captured some of the tanks from the Polish Army units who manned them.

**THE POLISH ARMY IS CALLED IN:** A medium tank stands guard in a crowded street. Most of the army, which is thoroughly Communist, remained with the regime, but some of the militia came out with the workers.

**THE TROOPS CLEAR THE STREETS:** Polish soldiers move into action to disperse the rioters. They acted with savage efficiency and caused many casualties among the demonstrating workers. Machine-guns and rifle fire were used on both sides, with dire results in the crowded streets.

**THE WORKERS OF POZNAN:** Workers gather in groups in the streets as the revolt in the Polish industrial city gets under way. Reports say that it started with a demonstration that later grew to larger proportions.

# THE VICTORIA CROSS CENTENARY

*A Record of the Official Ceremonies. I.—The Service of Thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey*

HIS FATHER'S MEDALS: At the Abbey, Robin Clarke wore the posthumous V.C. of his father, Lieutenant W. A. S. Clarke.

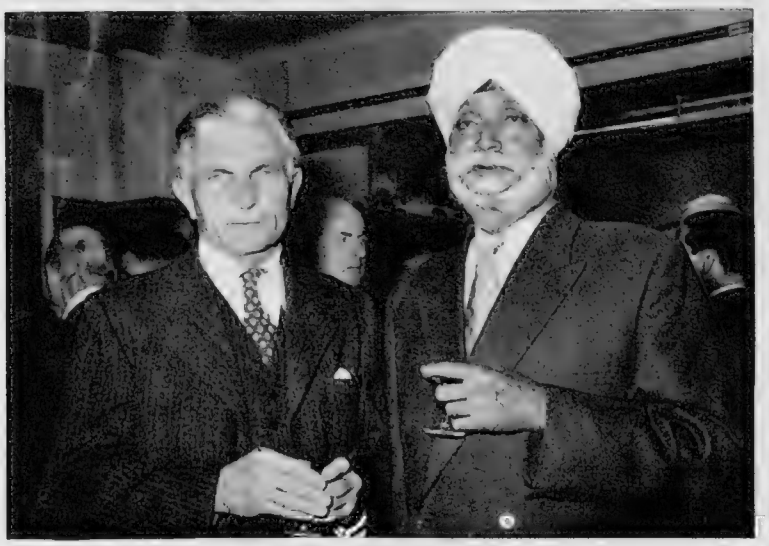
SON OF A HERO: The V.C. worn by Leslie Randle was a posthumous award to his father, Captain J. N. Randle, in May, 1944.

LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER THE V.C. THANKSGIVING SERVICE: Some of the 300 V.C.s, the 900 relatives of holders of the decoration and high ranking officers who attended come out of the Abbey to go to the reception given by the Government in Westminster Hall. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave the address at the service, which began the celebrations for V.C. Centenary week.

"OLD CONTEMPTIBLES": Mr. J. H. C. Drain (left) and Mr. F. Luke arrive for the service. Both won the Cross in the retreat from Mons in August 1914, when they were in 37 Bty., Royal Field Artillery.

FROM CANADA: Mr. J. McKean wore a picture of his brother, Captain G. B. McKean, V.C.

THE OLDEST AND YOUNGEST CANADIAN V.C.s: Lieut.-General Sir Richard Turner, aged eighty-six, was decorated in 1900 in the South African War. Thirty-one-year-old Sergeant Smith won his V.C. in 1943.



THE "DOUBLE" V.C.: Captain C. H. Upham, from New Zealand, the only living holder of the V.C. and bar, is with Captain Ishar Singh, V.C., 28th Punjab Regiment, at a reception at the Simpson Services Club, in London.

A CABINET MINISTER V.C.: The Canadian Minister of Labour, Brigadier M. F. Gregg, V.C. (France, 1918), arrives at London Airport.

AN AMERICAN V.C.: Also at London Airport is Captain H. Auten, a Naval V.C. in 1918, who has become an American subject.

b

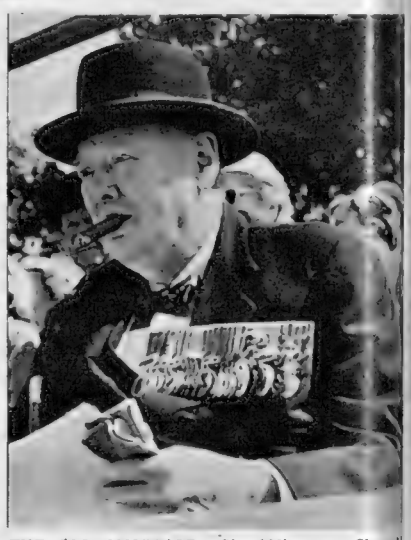
THE QUEEN ARRIVES FOR THE PARADE OF V.C.s IN HYDE PARK: She is driving with the Duke of Edinburgh in an open landau. Beyond are the guards of honour from the three Services. Her Majesty and the Duke inspected the ranks of some 300 V.C.s from many parts of the Commonwealth, and frequently stopped to talk with individuals. Then, after the march-past, the Queen addressed the unique and splendid parade of those entitled to wear the decoration for supreme valour. However, to many observers the scene most characteristic of the modesty of these heroes was when the ceremony was over. Most of them could be seen stuffing their medals into their coat pockets.

DISABLED HOLDERS OF THE VICTO
Princess Margaret; and the Prin
Victoria Cross was instituted

# THE V.C. CENTENARY

*II.—The Parade in Hyde Pa*

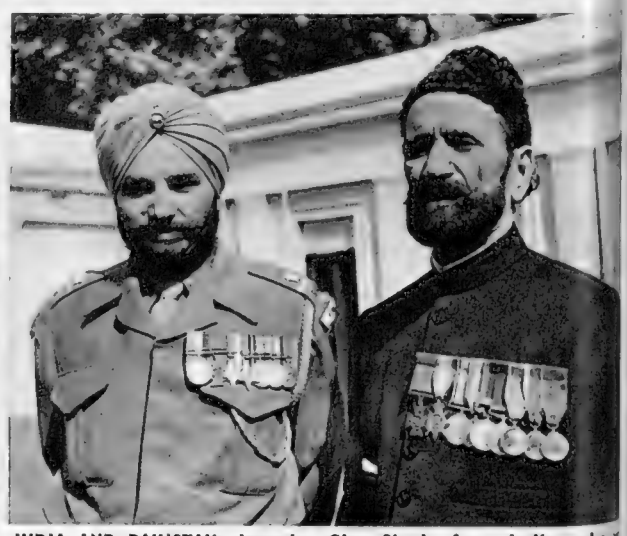
LEADER OF THE NAVAL V.C. CONTINGENT: Admiral Sir Victor Crutchley has his armband adjusted before leading the contingent of naval V.C.s in the march-past in Hyde Park.



THE OLD WARRIOR: Sir Winston Churchi wearing his long row of medals a decorations, looks on at the V.C. para

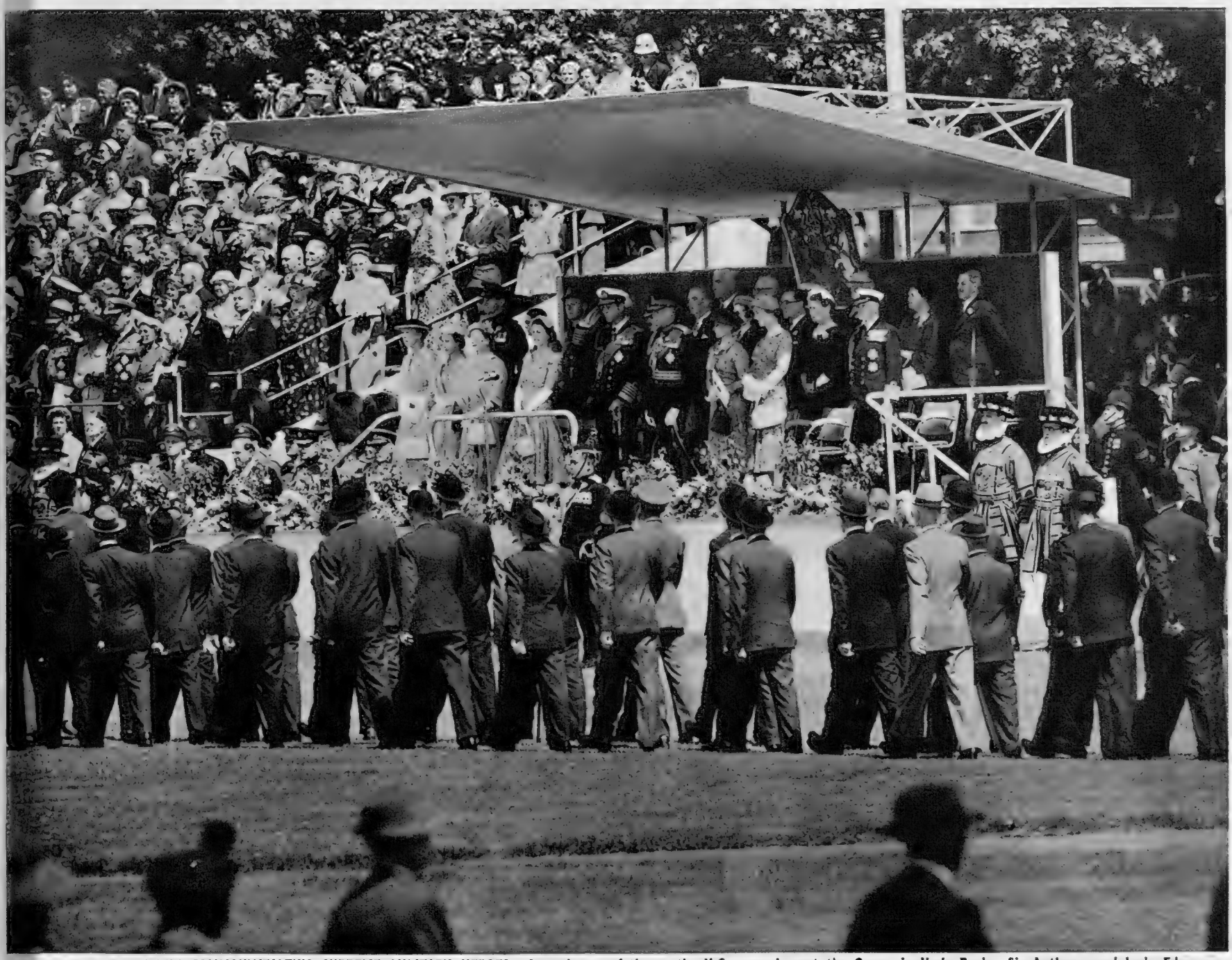
THE TWO SURVIVING KOREAN V.C.s: Colonel J. P. Carne greets Lance-Corporal W. Speakman, before the Hyde Park parade. Two other V.C.s were awarded posthumously in Korea.

FROM AUSTRALIA: Mr. A. R. Cutler, the Australian Minister in Egypt, won his V.C. for gallantry in Syria in 1941.



INDIA AND PAKISTAN: Jemadar Gian Singh, from India, who w his V.C. in Burma in 1945, stands with Pakistan's Subad Khudadad Khan, an early V.C. in the First World W

CROSS PARADE BEFORE THE QUEEN : They are being pushed in chairs past the dais in Hyde Park, at the end of the march-past. On the Queen's right are : the Queen Mother ; Royal. On her left : the Duke of Edinburgh ; the Duke of Gloucester ; the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent. In her address Her Majesty recalled how the 1856. Since then 1,344 men had won the decoration—three of them twice. They were men from all walks of life, " linked by a golden thread of extraordinary courage."



THE MARCH-PAST OF THE COMMONWEALTH'S SUPREME MILITARY HEROES : In column of threes the V.C.s march past the Queen in Hyde Park. Sir Anthony and Lady Eden are among those standing in the centre behind Her Majesty and other members of the Royal Family. On the right on the dais is Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C., Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom and Lieutenant of the Admiralty. Sir Winston Churchill is in the corner of the stand, on left, and behind him is Lord Attlee.

**THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH V.C.s AND RELATIVES OF V.C.s ON THE LAWNS OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE:** ***Above*** **and** ***on the right*** **are pictures of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother surrounded by her guests at the garden-party she gave in the grounds of Marlborough House on the afternoon of the day of the parade in Hyde Park. Among those who accompanied Her Majesty were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Royal. Mr. Nehru, who had just arrived in London for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference, Major Lloyd George, the Home Secretary, Lord Mountbatten and the Lord Mayor of London were also present. The Queen Mother, wearing a light-blue chiffon dress and a white hat swathed with tulle, moved constantly among the company and many V.C.s were presented to her.** Guests also took the opportunity to visit the V.C. Exhibition in Marlborough House. This garden-party was the conclusion of the two days of the official celebrations of the V.C. Centenary. On every occasion there had been impressive evidence that the wearers of the exclusive bronze cross for valour come from all ranks and stations and from all over the British Commonwealth of Nations. On the days after the official ceremonies there were numerous regimental and other receptions for the V.C.s and their relatives in London and elsewhere.

# THE V.C. CENTENARY

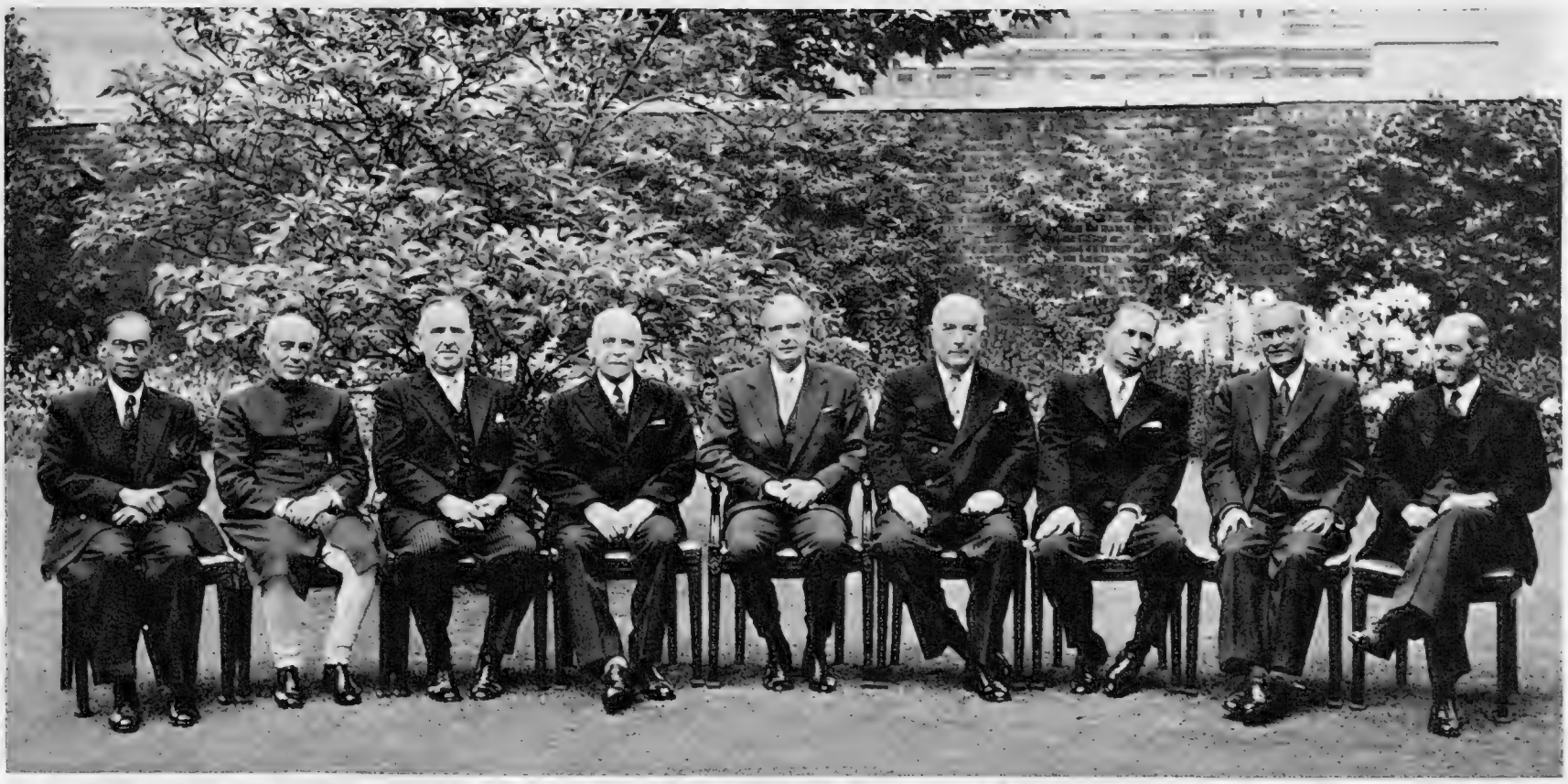
*III.—Reception at Marlborough House*

**THE QUEEN WITH HER PRIME MINISTERS :** With Her Majesty in Buckingham Palace are (from the left)—Mr. Strydom (South Africa), Mr. Mohammed Ali (Pakistan), Mr. Holland (New Zealand), Mr. St. Laurent (Canada), Sir Anthony Eden, Mr. Menzies (Australia), Mr. Nehru (India), Mr. Bandaranaike (Ceylon), and Lord Malvern (Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland). They had gone to the Palace for the dinner party given by the Queen for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers.

# COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS

*They Meet in London for the Seventh Conference of Commonwealth Leaders Since the War*

The nine Commonwealth Prime Ministers sitting round a table in Downing Street had no set agenda for their deliberations. They discussed problems in the informal atmosphere of a United Kingdom Cabinet meeting. From time to time statements were issued regarding a specific day's deliberations. Thus it is known that the Middle and the Far East, atomic energy for peaceful purposes, membership of the Commonwealth and the general foreign situation were among the subjects which were discussed. However, the two most interesting points of view must surely have been those expressed by Mr. Strydom and Mr. Menzies. South Africa aims at becoming a republic without lessening Commonwealth ties. Australia, on the other hand, sees no reason for apologising for the word " Empire " or the British Imperial past.



**BEFORE THE OPENING MEETING OF THE COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS' CONFERENCE :** In the garden of No. 10, Downing Street (from the left) are—Mr. Bandaranaike, Mr. Nehru, Mr. Holland, Mr. St. Laurent, Sir Anthony Eden, Mr. Menzies, Mr. Strydom, Mr. Mohammed Ali, and Lord Malvern. In the first session of the seventh post-war conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, the subject discussed was the international situation, with special reference to the Soviet Union.

ROUEN REMEMBERS THE MAID OF ORLEANS: An historical pageant illustrating the life of St. Joan of Arc passes through the streets of the city. It was in Rouen that she met her martyrdom in 1431, when she was burnt in the square now called Place de la Pucelle in her memory.

THE RESTORED CATHEDRAL IN ROUEN: **The reopening of the Cathedral, which was severely damaged during the Allied air bombardment in the spring of 1944, coincided with the celebrations marking the fifth centenary of the vindication of St. Joan of Arc.** The task of restoration has necessitated the repair or replacement of about half the fabric. It has been carried out with scrupulous fidelity and devoted craftsmanship, incorporating many fragments of the original which were recovered from the debris.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AT ROUEN: M. René Coty attends the Mass celebrating the reopening of the Cathedral. In the centre is General Ganeval and at right Mgr. Martin, Archbishop of Rouen.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS: M. René Coty, President of France, lays the foundation-stone of a new monument to be erected in the Place du Vieux Marché to the glory of St. Joan of Arc.

# THE REOPENING OF ROUEN CATHEDRAL

*The Solemn Reopening of Notre Dame de Rouen Coincides with the 5th Centenary of the Vindication of Saint Joan of Arc*

**THE FLOODLIT WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL: To mark the reopening of Notre Dame de Rouen, the soaring spire and its attendant towers are floodlit after darkness. The scars left on the side towers by the Allied bombardment in 1944 can still be seen and make all the more appreciable the fine work that has been carried out inside. In honour of the cathedral's reopening, the voice of His Holiness the Pope was transmitted to the congregation, to whom he granted his Apostolic Blessing.**

The Cathedral of Rouen, which is now celebrating its reopening, has been for centuries the religious centre of Normandy. Fully Gothic in conception, Notre Dame de Rouen was begun by Phillipe Auguste in the thirteenth century. The two towers flanking the tall spire have never been finished. The larger one, the Tour de Beurre, was built between 1485 and 1507, out of indulgence money received for permission to eat butter during Lent. As a result of the Allied air bombardment of 1944 the interior was largely gutted and the intricate carving of the outside fabric was heavily damaged. So far only the interior has received detailed attention and a great deal of work will still have to be carried out on the exterior before the Cathedral is completely restored.

Apart from its architectural value the Cathedral was famed for numerous monuments and relics of great interest. The heart of Richard Coeur de Lion was once preserved there but is now kept in the extensive Museum of Antiquities. In the twenty-five highly ornamented chapels that lay inside the Cathedral were the monuments of Rollo and of his son, William Longsword.

Until the time of King John, Rouen remained the seat of government of the Norman possessions of the English Kings. But in 1204 it was taken in siege by the French King Phillipe Auguste, who began the Cathedral. During the wars of Henry V and Henry VI of England it again came into English hands until it was finally retaken by the French under Charles VII. It was during this last English occupation, before their final expulsion from Rouen, that St. Joan of Arc was burnt alive as a witch in that square of the city which now bears her name, La Place de la Pucelle.

# EGYPTIAN ELECTIONS

*A National Plebiscite Approves the New Constitution and the Candidacy of Colonel Nasser as President*

The national plebiscite held in Egypt for approval of the new Constitution and the candidacy of Colonel Nasser as President, has produced some extraordinary returns reminiscent of the plebiscites held in Germany during the '30's. According to official figures, 99·8 per cent. of the electorate voted for approval of the Constitution and 99·9 per cent. for Colonel Nasser as President. The elusive ·1 per cent. seemed to trouble no one. The morning after the election the newspaper *Al Ahram* naïvely claimed that the result had broken all world records. "No such overwhelming support has ever been secured by any President before." As a result of this plebiscite, Colonel Nasser automatically becomes President, and the Revolutionary Command Council which has ruled the country since the exile of King Farouk is dissolved. The Cabinet, though it tendered its resignation, has been asked by the President to continue in office. The power of legislation is now vested in the person of the President until the National Assembly meets in November. Before it can meet, however, Colonel Nasser must decree the composition of a vague body called the National Union, which will then nominate candidates for the National Assembly. Until then Colonel Nasser is in sole command.

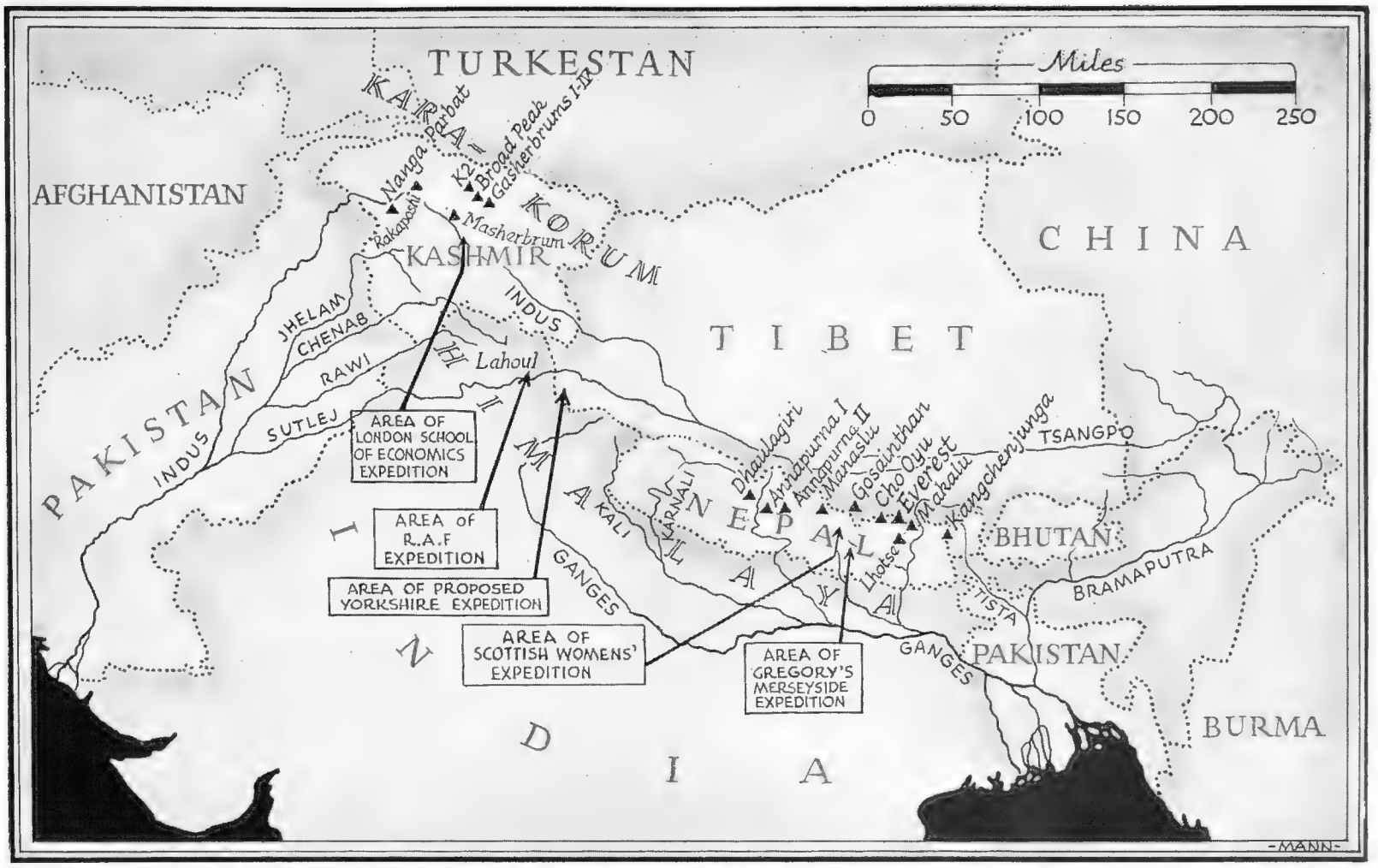
**THE SOLE CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY:** Colonel Nasser votes in the plebiscite for approval of the new Constitution and his own candidacy as President. According to official results, 99·9 per cent voted for Colonel Nasser as President and 99·8 for the Constitution.

**THE NEW PRESIDENT OF EGYPT:** Colonel Nasser marks his voting slips in the first elections for nearly seven years. Voting for males was compulsory, with prison or a heavy fine for failure to do so.

**THE OLD ORDER IN LINE WITH THE NEW:** Soliman Daoud, wearing dark glasses and a tarboosh, formerly a prince and a cousin of ex-King Farouk, waits his turn to vote. The missing ·1 per cent. in Colonel Nasser's vote amounted to some 2,857 people out of 5,700,000 voters.

**EGYPTIAN WOMEN GIVEN THE VOTE FOR THE FIRST TIME:** The wife of Colonel Nasser, who is rarely seen in public, casts her vote. Optional voting for women was allowed for the first time in Egypt's history.

**EGYPT AT THE POLLS:** Two women hand in their electoral registration cards before casting their votes. Although women were free to vote for the first time, only 3 per cent. or so of the eligible female electorate actually went to the polls, where their attendance was optional.




**CAMPAIGNS AGAINST THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PEAKS:** Most of the giants shown on this map of the Himalaya have now been conquered. In the main range in Nepal only three remain inviolate. They are Dhaulagiri (26,795 ft.), Annapurna II (26,041 ft.), and Gosainthan (26,291 ft.). In the Karakorum (top left), Broad Peak and the four Gasherbrum summits have still to be climbed. Reference to the work of the expeditions marked on the map will be made in a subsequent article.

**A TOWERING RIDGE CLIMBED BY THE FRENCH:** Makalu's grim peak, in the Himalaya, to the east of Everest, was scaled for the first time last year by an expedition from France. The climbers were led by M. Jean Franco, who was making his second attempt on this 27,790-ft. mountain.

# THE FALL OF THE GIANTS

*The First of Two Articles Surveying Recent Himalayan Climbing and Future Prospects*

By HUGH MERRICK

Drawings by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

"NOTHING succeeds like success." Certainly the old tag can be applied to the great Himalayan peaks over the past six years, for during this period the nine highest mountains in the world have been climbed. The fall of these giants is an epic chapter in mountaineering history.

The first to go of the great summits of over 26,000 ft.—roughly the "Eight Thousanders" (8,000-metre peaks) of the Continentals—was Annapurna I, scaled by the French in 1950. In 1953, after a twenty-year siege, Everest at last succumbed, appropriately to a British expedition, for nine-tenths of the pioneering had been done by climbers from this country. A few weeks later, Nanga Parbat, for fifteen years a graveyard of German hopes and climbers, fell to the unparalleled solo effort of an Austrian member of a German-Austrian expedition, Hermann Buhl.

The year 1954 saw the eventual success of the Italians on K2, on which British and Italians had carried out reconnaissances in previous years. There had also been three tragic American near-misses. Also in 1954 Cho Oyu, which had beaten a strong British party two years before on the only previous attempt, fell to a gallant small-scale Austrian attack under Herbert Tichy. This is the only lightweight success on record among the giants.

In 1955 two of the "unclimbables," gigantic Kangchenjunga and Makalu's towering wedge, surrendered to magnificently executed operations by British and French parties respectively. The former peak had defied attempts over half a century; the latter, first approached and reconnoitred within the last five years, fell to the second determined effort in two years by Jean Franco's brilliantly-led and strongly-manned team.

And now in 1956 the heads of the giants have continued to roll. The Japanese have succeeded on Manaslu at their third attempt. Here, one of the greatest obstacles has always been the hostility of the local inhabitants at its approaches. They feared the retribution of the mountain Gods if anybody tampered with its great snowy summit. However, the intervention of the Government of Nepal at long last allayed religious apprehensions and the Japanese, who unaccountably failed to reach the summit when within easy striking distance in 1953, this time made no mistake. Happily, no supernatural displeasure is reported to have attended their imprudence.

(*Continued on following page*)

**WHERE MOUNTAIN GODS HAVE AT LAST SURRENDERED THEIR STRONGHOLD TO MEN: The table-top of Manaslu, in Western Nepal, was reached this year by a Japanese expedition. For years the local inhabitants in its approaches have refused to co-operate with climbers because they feared retribution from the mountain gods. However, the intervention of the Government of Nepal enabled the Japanese to overcome local prejudice.**

# THE FALL OF THE GIANTS

(*Continued from previous page*)

Concurrently, the Swiss have achieved a well-deserved and highly-prized triumph a hundred miles to the east. It will be recalled that in 1952 two successive Swiss expeditions made most resolute attempts on Everest. In the spring they opened up the southern route through the Khumbu Icefall and Western Cwm, on whose lower lip Shipton had been frustrated in 1951, when the mountain was first reconnoitred from the south side. They reached the South Col for the first time and from it the Swiss leader, Lambert, and Sherpa Tenzing made their plucky attempt, which failed only 850 ft. below the summit. In the autumn, in spite of appalling post-monsoon gales and cold, they fought their way a second time to the Col, but reached it in such an exhausted condition and suffered such a buffeting by icy hurricane winds in that inhospitable spot, that they were forced to withdraw, being indeed fortunate to escape with their lives.

It was a bitter disappointment, for they knew that the mountain had been allotted to a British attempt in the following year. They must have felt that their brilliant pioneering of the unknown route almost to the top and the experience gained on the way would be formidable factors in the probable triumph of their successors, as in fact proved the case.

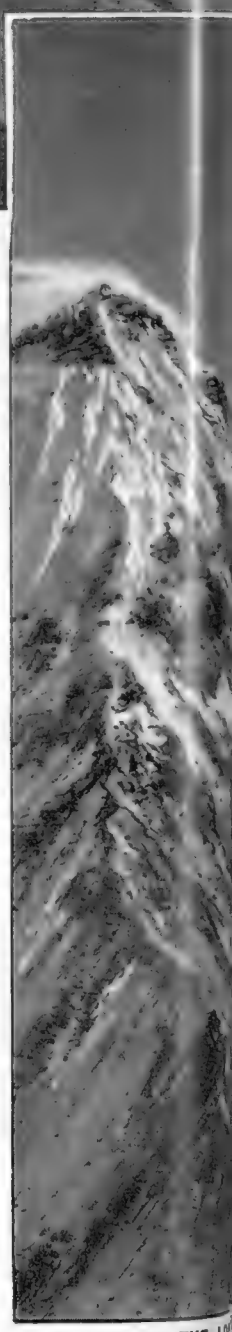
Now, four years after their Pisgah view, the Swiss have won the consolation prize of twice standing on the summit of Everest—two parties of two reached it from the South Col on successive days. Eight days earlier the Swiss had claimed another unique triumph. A party including a climber, Fritz Luchsinger, who had a few weeks before been laid low with acute appendicitis at Thyangboche, conquered the 28,000-ft. Lhotse, fronting Everest on the opposite side of the South Col. At the time it was the highest unclimbed summit in the world.

Lhotse, familiar on the right of the Col in all pictures of Everest from the Western Cwm, the rocky peak whose steep 4,000-ft. glaciated face forms the most formidable part of the ascent to the Col itself, is a sharply crenellated mountain with three distinct rocky summits, rising nearly 2,000 ft. above the saddle.

It was attempted for the first time last year by a strong International Himalayan Expedition under Norman Dyhrenfurth, the son of Professor G. O. Dyhrenfurth, the well-known Himalayan explorer and writer. Bad weather conditions defeated their efforts about 1,500 ft. below the summit and they returned to report the mountain more technically difficult than Everest. It is not yet known whether this year's team from Switzerland followed the same route from the Col in their successful assault on the giant.

So, in the course of six climbing seasons, nine of the world's seventeen great peaks of over 26,000 ft. have yielded in quick succession. In the main chain of the Himalaya only three remain inviolate. These are Dhaulagiri (26,795 ft.) whose last 750 ft. have so often and so lethally rebuffed the most skilled and resolute efforts of successive Swiss and Argentine expeditions. This year's Argentine party was defeated last month by avalanche conditions, two porters losing their lives. Gosainthan (26,291 ft.) so far remains secure from assault by virtue of political asylum, for it alone of the great peaks lies on the wrong side of the Tibetan (now Communist) frontier and so superimposes serious political dangers on its already sufficient white menace. Last September two members of a Welsh

**THE CONQUERORS OF MANASLU: Some of the members of the Japanese expedition are seen at Katmandu after their successful attempt on Manaslu. In the centre, wearing a garland, is the sixty-two-year-old Yaku Maki, their leader.**



**AN INCIDENT IN THE L... expedition of 1951. ... which leads to the ...**

Himalayan Expedition were taken into custody for an alleged frontier violation and not released till January. Annapurna II (26,041 ft.) remains to be attacked, though in 1950 Tilman reached 24,000 ft. on the ridge which joins it to the lower Annapurna IV.

The five other survivors, whose days are no doubt numbered, are all in the distant Karakorum, hundreds of miles to the west—the four mighty peaks of the Gasherbrum Group (I–IV) and Broad Peak. They are all close together in the Baltoro region.

What is the explanation of this "snowball" progress of conquest among the world's highest and most difficult mountains, ending in the positive avalanche progress in the short period since 1953 ?

The underlying cause is psychological. Success on Everest was almost certainly the prime factor. Everest is nearly a thousand feet higher than any other of its great rivals. For years the argument had raged whether man could live, let alone endure stupendous effort, with or without oxygen, in the rarefied air of that last cruel thousand feet. On the north side, before the Second World War, a generation of the toughest climbers had failed repeatedly at about the 28,000-ft. level. It was suggested that perhaps it was not the difficulty of those outward-sloping slabs which had beaten the climbers. Rather, man reached the limit, in sheer altitude, of his ability to keep mind and body functioning ?

**FIRST UP LHOTSE: Adolf Reist (standing) has returned from scaling the hitherto unclimbed Lhotse, which is 28,000 ft. high. Sitting is J. Marmet. They were members of the Swiss expedition this year.**

In 1953 two men broke through that height-barrier by climbing to the top of Everest and returning safely. If considerable mountaineering difficulties could be overcome at nearly 29,000 ft., no mere hump of 26,000 or even 28,000 could any longer offer insuperable resistance. The other, only less tall giants were thereby sensibly reduced in stature and in status.

At the same time, there was the improvement and lightening of oxygen apparatus; the perfection of every type of mountaineering equipment from boots to collapsible bridges; the foundation, by long-repeated training and active experience, of a superb corps of reliable high-mountain porters in the Sherpas, so indispensable in any attempt

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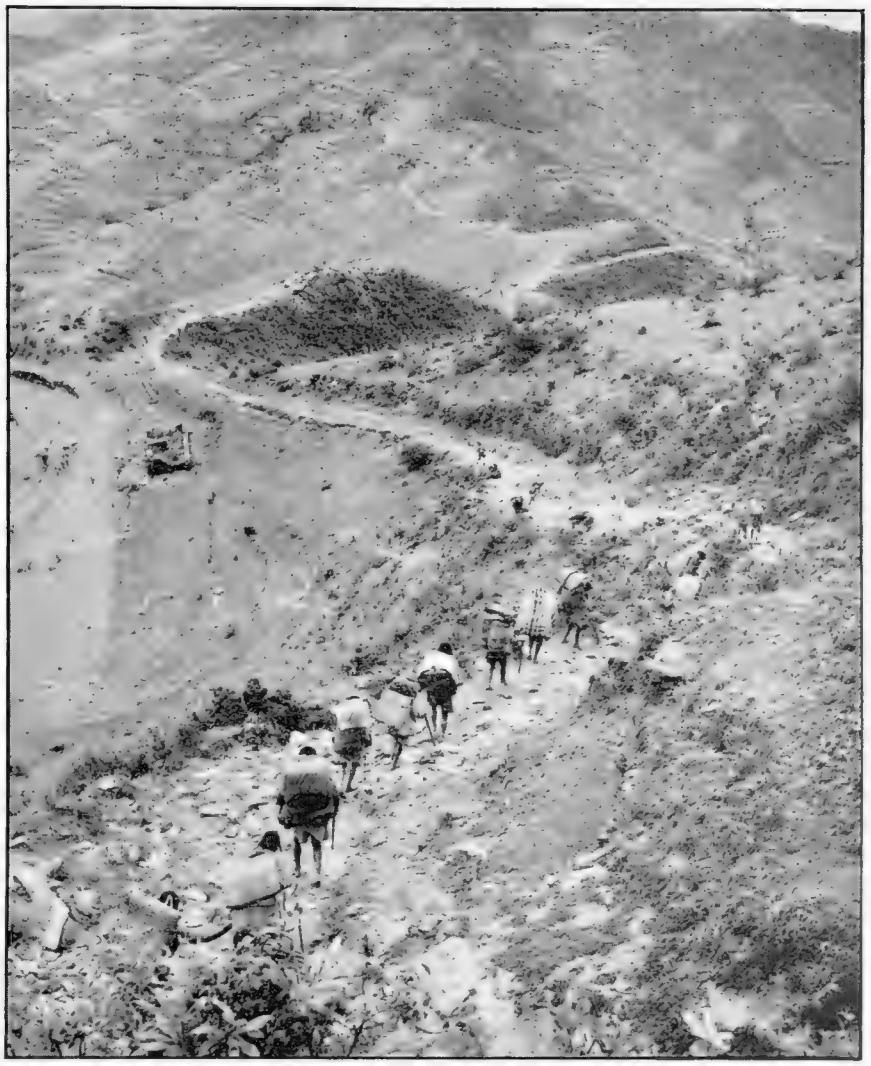


**ASSISTING IN A UNIQUE SUCCESS: Porters of this year's Swiss expedition to the Himalaya make their way through the Tsobas Pass, in Nepal. The equipment they carry helped in the Swiss achievement of conquering Lhotse and twice climbing Everest.**

**RUGGLE IN THE STORMING OF THE CITADEL OF THE GIANTS: The artist's impression of Mount Everest from the south-west shows Eric Shipton and Edmund Hillary reconnoitring in their mbers are looking from a buttress 20,000 ft. up on Pumori down to the jagged seracs of the icefall which is a formidable barrier to the Western Cwm, the broad, white approach the North Peak of Everest, in the centre left. In the centre background is Lhotse, and centre right are the heights of Nuptse. Everest was first climbed in 1953 and Lhotse this year.**

INVIOLATE PEAKS WHICH WILL EVENTUALLY BE CLIMBED: The drawing shows a reconnaissance party on the Abruzzi Glacier with, beyond, the South Gasherbrum Glacier and its surrounding pyramid peaks. This group, rising to above 26,000 ft., is in Karakorum, in Kashmir, to the west of the Himalaya. The Gasherbrum summits are among the very few of the world's highest mountains remaining to be conquered. They were reconnoitred last year, and doubtless will eventually be climbed.

# THE FALL OF THE GIANTS

(*Concluded from previous page*)

on a peak of the kind where a supply-line extending to half a dozen or more camps is called for; the evolution and provision of more suitable and acceptable high-altitude rations; and an over-all more scientific organisation and method, born of experience. All these coincided to bolster improved morale and assurance in the individual climber, who no longer felt he was facing impossible odds.

But with due regard to all these ingredients the final, decisive arbiter of success in almost every case was familiarity with the route, achieved in some cases by successive failures on the part of the same individuals, in others by the failures of entirely different parties, gradually pushing the route up the mountain and thus gaining or passing on their experience. What had often looked utterly impossible to the first-comers became relatively easy to those who followed.

This technique of "climbing on the shoulders of one's predecessors" is particularly true in the case of the southern route on Everest, the appalling Abruzzi Ridge staircase to the summit of K2 and the long snow-and-ice agony of Nanga Parbat. On Makalu and Manaslu subsequent expeditions of similar nationality and make-up leap-frogged their own earlier achievements to final success.

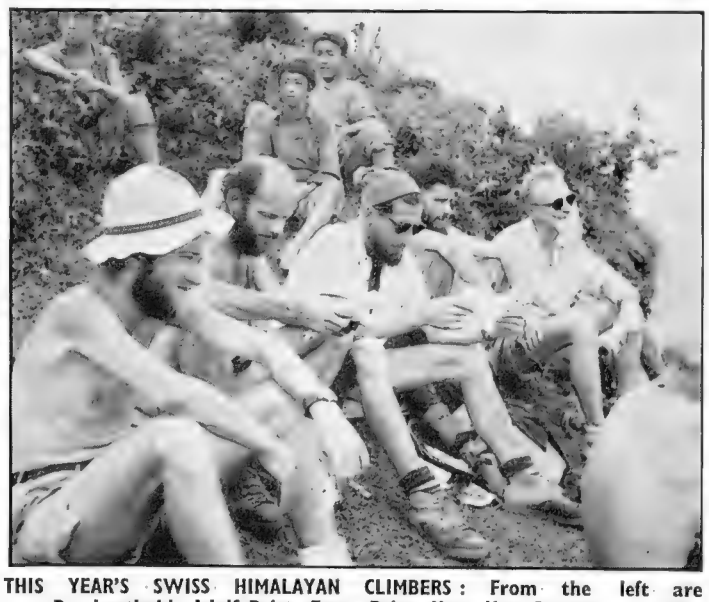
Thus, on Everest, the 1951 Shipton reconnaissance found a way through the appalling Khumbu Icefall but could not break into the Western Cwm above it. In 1952 the Swiss found the Icefall less of a problem and broke into the Cwm, to find that the route onward to the foot of Lhotse was relatively simple. But the difficulties of finding the right route (only at the second attempt and after a fatal accident) up the tremendous slopes ahead, and finally ascending it to the South Col, cost them casualties and so exhausted their energy that a brave attempt on the summit proved too much. In 1953, the successful British party, spared the waste of time and energy involved in route-finding error, had just enough in hand to permit of a final triumphant effort from the Col to the summit.

Thus, one by one, all the world's greatest peaks are being mastered by well-equipped, well-portered, well-provisioned and well-documented teams. None of these attributes is, of course, of any intrinsic value on a great Himalayan peak without the fundamental concomitants of courage, resolution, skill, team-work and leadership. So far only one of the giants has ever surrendered to a first attempt—and that, strangely enough, was the first to fall, Annapurna. But it was a desperate gamble. It should perhaps not be taken as the pattern of a soundly-conceived operation on a peak of this magnitude. Most of them have yielded only after many frustrating and costly sieges.

Of the five surviving Karakorum giants, there has already been one post-war attempt, by Dr. Herligkoffer's 1955 expedition, on Broad Peak; it did not get very high and there is some doubt whether the route selected and attempted is the one eventually likely to lead to success.

Three of the four awe-inspiring Gasherbrum pyramids, separate peaks in their own right—the lowest just over 26,000 ft., the highest nearly 26,500—towering 6,000 ft. above the glaciers at the head of the Baltoro and a good deal more above the Gasherbrum Glacier on their northern side, remain to be properly reconnoitred, let alone attacked. Even they will fall in due course, though the great distances and difficulties of the Kashmir-Baltoro approach and the relative backwardness of the Hunza men as high-altitude porters, as compared with the plentiful Sherpa "Tigers," have left them inviolate so far.

THE ONLY BRITISH MEMBER OF THE SWISS EVEREST-LHOTSE PARTY: P. J. Webster, with his Sherpas, Mingma Gyalzen (left) and Tashi, reported finding a plateau 20,000 ft. up in the mountains.



THIS YEAR'S SWISS HIMALAYAN CLIMBERS: From the left are Dr. Leuthold; Adolf Reist; Ernst Reiss; Hans Von Gunten; and Fritz Luchsinger. They are reading mail 8,000 ft. up in the Tsobas Pass.

THE FIRST AIR-LINER IN THE PEKIN-LHASA SERVICE ABOVE THE TIBETAN CAPITAL: It is flying over the Potala Palace, the residence of the Dalai Lama, as it comes down to land on the airfield, at Lhasa, which is 10,000 ft. above sea-level. The trial flight from Pekin of the Soviet-built IL-12 aircraft had taken ten hours.

# TO LHASA BY AIR

*Landing of the First Air-liner on the New Service from Pekin*

The pictures on this page are evidence of Chinese determination to open up Tibet, which is now under their Communist domination, and speedily dispel the country's reputation as a "forbidden land of mystery." An air service has been put into operation between Pekin and Lhasa. The aircraft which made the initial trial flight was a Russian IL-12, the standard air-liner on many passenger services in the Soviet Union and Satellite States. It has a crew of five and can carry up to thirty-two passengers. After flying over the Potala Palace, the traditional home of the Dalai Lama, it came down on the airfield. The arrival was watched by a large and curious crowd and the crew of the air-liner were given a formal and traditional welcome by Tibetan officials. The flight had taken ten hours. It is understood that transport aeroplanes are to land at this airport. It is also used by military aircraft of Soviet design bearing Chinese markings.

WELCOME TO LHASA: *On left*—Members of the aircraft's crew are presented with sashes as marks of honour by Tibetan officials. *Below*—A large and curious crowd surrounds the air-liner.

# RUSSIAN AIR POWER ON DISPLAY

*The Soviet Air Force Shows its Paces to 20 Nations at Tushino, Near Moscow*

**THE SOVIET AIR FORCE SHOWS NEW TYPES TO THE WEST: Representatives from twenty foreign countries attended the celebrations of the annual Aviation Day at Tushino Airfield, near Moscow. The picture shows the reception at Moscow Airport awaiting the aircraft bringing the British delegation.**

Air representatives from twenty foreign countries attended a Soviet air display at Tushino Airfield, near Moscow, last week. Seven new or modified jet fighters were demonstrated, three of them triangular "flying-wings," probably experimental and never previously shown. The other four were modifications of known types. These new aircraft overshadowed the other features of the display, which included stunt flying with jet and piston-engined aircraft, a fly-past of fighters and bombers, a parachute drop, and a mass landing of artillery and tractors from forty helicopters. The whole display lasted an hour and a half, and was watched by 200,000 spectators, who included high-ranking British and American air force officers. This was the first occasion on which representatives of Western air forces had been invited to the annual Soviet air show. Well over 100 fighters flew past, but only sixteen bombers. The military version was shown of the TU 104 jet air liner, which recently visited Britain. Mr. Nigel Birch, Secretary of State for Air, flew to Moscow for the show in a De Havilland Comet 2, taking about the same time as the TU 104 for the reverse journey.

*On right—*

**FORMATION FLYING AT TUSHINO: Russian aircraft, probably YaK trainers, fly in tight formation.**

*Below—*

**SOVIET AND BRITISH MINISTERS DRINK TOGETHER: From right to left—Mr. Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Communist Party; Marshal Bulganin, Prime Minister; and Mr. Nigel Birch, British Secretary of State for Air, drink a toast during the banquet at the Soviet Army Club that followed the air show.** In his speech, Mr. Khrushchev pointed out that the display had featured few bombers "because we want to emphasise our defensive equipment." He referred to Sir Anthony Eden as "an honest, straightforward person, our friend." The guests included nine Britons, ten Americans, and ten Frenchmen. During the party several guests went round, including Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Birch.

**HELICOPTERS ON SHOW: Russian military helicopters pass over some of the 200,000 spectators during the air display. Forty of these aircraft landed troops, artillery and tractors as an exercise. Shown in the picture are Mil helicopters, which are similar in most respects to the American Sikorsky S-55.**

**A FORMATION OF "FARMERS": Sixty fighters of this type flew at Tushino. "Farmer" is the American code-name for a development of the MIG series. An even more advanced version was also shown.**

"FLASHLIGHT" AT SPEED: Fifty Ilyushin twin-jet all-weather fighters were among the aircraft shown at Tushino. The latest version also appeared.

A NEW RUSSIAN SWEPT-WING BOMBER: This intercontinental bomber, with four turbo-prop engines, is known by the code name "Bear." Its details are not available.

A RUSSIAN HELICOPTER FLIES BEFORE WESTERN OBSERVERS: This large twin-rotor machine is a YaK with the code-name of "Horse." It is similar to the Bristol 173.

THE SENSATION OF THE SHOW: Three of these delta-wing fighters appeared at Tushino. They are basically new types—not modifications—never seen before by Western observers.

HELICOPTERS LAND ARTILLERY AND TRUCKS: Field guns and their crews are towed away by light lorries, after being landed by forty Mil and YaK helicopters on Tushino Airfield. These aircraft are very similar to the Westland Whirlwind. Another military feature of the display was a precision parachute descent by troops from transports.

THE HEAVY BOMBERS FLY PAST: These three four-jet heavy bombers are known in the West as "Bison." They are estimated to have a speed of 559 m.p.h. and a range of over 7,000 miles.

THE AIR FORCE PARADES THE NATIONAL BANNERS: Sixteen YaK-12 light transport aircraft fly over Tushino carrying flags bearing the names of the Republics of the Soviet Union. This plane has four seats and can be used as an ambulance. It bears the American code-name "Crow." These names are devised for ease of identification.

# A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

**Social Surveys.**—We are all fast becoming familiar with the snooper—the man from the Ministry, the Gallup pollster, or the young lady from the B.B.C. engaged in that doubtful quest, Listener Research. So long as they do not try to pin any crimes on us, they are tolerable. Even the salesman, real and unashamed, can be put up with because we can, in theory at least, always say no. But the man with no axe to grind who comes round asking personal and highly impertinent questions is another matter. Any illegitimacy in the family? Do you quarrel with your neighbours? How long before you pay your bills? I don't say these are opening questions or ever so badly put. None the less, that is the sort of thing the social investigator, the sociologist, wants to know, and all for the sake of disinterested truth. Most people find it distasteful and highly suspicious. After all, what *use* is truth? A difficult question.

To be a successful field worker of this kind calls for great gifts of tact and good nature, and saintly supplies of resolution and patience. Integrity, too, and the ability to impress your integrity on those you investigate. I myself make no pretensions to these virtues, but I do recognise their value.

I have just completed five years' work on the history of Dartington Hall, that great economic and social experiment in Devonshire, and this has involved a certain number of personal contacts, although the study of documents has been the major task. And so I feel qualified to criticise a similar study of recent publication *The Sociology of an English Village* (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 25s).

**A Cumbrian Village.**—Mr. Williams is a Lecturer in Geography in the University of North Staffordshire, with at least ancillary interests in sociology and economics. I met him a year or two ago when he was conducting an inquiry into the rural industries of Devon, and I found him a persistent worker of balanced judgment. This book is the fruit of eighteen months' research into the pattern of life in the small village of Gosforth, in West Cumberland.

Gosforth, it seems, was comparatively unaffected by modern industrial change before 1939; and even since 1945 has reacted slowly to the mechanisation of farming and the intrusion of urban values. The old traditions of agricultural life have, of course, altered, but some may well revive thanks to modern economic trends and not in spite of them. The family farm, for instance. The present need to intensify production while reducing costs is having two effects. Where land is fertile and flat there is great scope for machinery, fertilisers, hormone sprays, and the rest. Labour is reduced to a handful of well-paid technicians. Where land is hilly and less fertile, there is a limit to mechanisation. Animals are paramount and costs rise. Thus, hired labour is dispensed with, and small returns are offset by the rewards of family ownership and inheritance.

This is not a retrograde step. It is the only way of turning marginal land to good account, and allowing the farmer a reasonable standard of life, although it will never repopulate the land. The only alternative is ranching which, except on the poorest land, is a waste of the potentialities of the soil. On such land forestry is probably the better investment.

This is merely one example of what is happening. Outside agriculture, it is quite a different picture. The Atomic Energy Station at Sellafield and the spread of light industry is giving comparatively high wages to people who formerly existed on the fringes of farming, or who had to leave the district for lack of employment. At the same time, material comforts have become much more accessible. The result is an extension of the attitude whereby nearly all service is reckoned in terms of cash. This has done more than anything to break down the old customs and traditional obligations.

But money does not buy everything, least of all prestige. What makes Gosforth a distinct community is not the mere distribution of wealth, but kinship and the complicated hierarchy of class. This is the essence of Mr. Williams' study, and very fascinating it is. It is not, therefore, just a question of tabulating customs that have survived, but of noting their metamorphosis under contemporary events, and of analysing behaviour in a small community. But the sad thing is this. "Fifty years hence the sociologist may well find it difficult to distinguish Gosforth from any other rural parish in England."

A DEVON CRAFTSMAN: Miss Judith Hughes, of Tavistock, a furniture-maker, is putting the finishing touches to a fine corner chair in her workshop. She is a member of the Guild of Devon Craftsmen, which is now holding its first annual exhibition at Torre Abbey, Torquay. In 1941 Miss Hughes made 1 in. to 100 ft. waterline scale model ships for the Admiralty for instructional purposes.

*On left—*

A POTTER AT WORK: Peter Glanville Draper, who comes from the fishing town of Brixham, experiments with colours and what he calls "pottery-sculpture." The photographs reproduced on this page were taken by Nicholas Horne, of Totnes, who is also a member of the Guild of Devon Craftsmen.

**Church Fête.**—Have you ever opened a fête? I opened one the other day at Castle Cary, that attractive little country town in north-east Somerset, where the Western Region takes a branch line south to Weymouth. I won't say I was nervous, for I had a fairly clear idea of what I had to do and say. But I am never entirely at ease on a public occasion—a good thing, as there is then no chance of relapsing into complacency, which is far more tedious to listen to than mere length. There is one golden rule for fête openers, a rule which it is very easy to forget. That is, you must remember to declare the fête open. Even if you say nothing else, you must say that. The barriers are then down for the ladies' race to the jumble stall, as John Moore reminded us at Bath the other day when opening the West Country Writers' Book Exhibition. He said he had been badly put off on more than one occasion by the ladies actually lining up as he reached his peroration. I noticed nothing like that at Castle Cary. Indeed, everything was beautifully organised in the vicarage grounds, and to crown everything I was presented with an immense box of chocolates by a very pretty little girl.

Unhappily the rain came down in buckets halfway through the afternoon, after several weeks of drought, but it didn't make any difference to the result. They netted £400 for the new church roof, and Mr. Gilbert Molesworth, the vicar, is now preparing for the next hurdle.

**Guild of Devon Craftsmen.**—This is the most recent of the county guilds. Formed in 1955, its purpose is to promote high standards of skill and design among its members, and by various means to encourage the sale of craft goods which they produce. The first annual exhibition is being held between July 7 and 28 at Torre Abbey, Torquay, and will be opened by Sir Cyril Fox, the eminent scholar and President of the Guild.

Devon, as it happens, is full of fine craftsmen, from the traditional to the consciously artistic—potters, furniture-makers, boat-builders, wrought-iron smiths, book-binders, silversmiths, saddlers, basket-makers, etc., etc. Some make use of machinery, others do not, and so an initial difficulty is the definition of the word craftsmanship. In general, the test is that an article should be made in its entirety, or at least predominantly, by the manual skill of one man. This permits the use of power tools while retaining the essential elements of individual effort. The personal quality is imparted that a mass-produced article, however well-designed, cannot have.

WEAVING AT KENN, NEAR EXETER: In the foreground is Miss L. E. Clarkson, and in the rear, at the loom, is Miss P. M. Shillinglaw, who is also a potter.

However, the genuine craftsman's worst enemy is not perhaps the mass-produced chair or pot, but the pseudo, the arty, the whimsical, the thing that masquerades as craftsmanship. In other words, a fake. Devon, as a tourist centre, is wide open to trade of this kind, and inevitably it contaminates the honest work. That is why the formation of the Guild is such an admirable move. It is hoped that its influence will be evident, particularly, in this first exhibition.

**Tailpiece.**—I am an addict of secondhand bookshops, especially very small, scruffy ones, in obscure streets in country towns. I have already collected all the works of Alfred Williams, and most of Richard Jefferies and Henry Williamson, the latter in first edition, and I am hoping gradually to put together a representative collection of all the best rural authors. A prized possession is Rider Haggard's *Rural England* in two volumes, also Dr. Joseph Stevens' *St. Mary Bourne*, and a number of books about Berkshire, including Walter Money's *History of Newbury*. I realise that for a real book collector all this is very small fry, and not worth much. But it gives me immense pleasure all the same, and one day when rich I 'll look for Arthur Young's *Tours* and the early writers, mostly sixteenth and seventeenth century, on new methods of farming. I 'd give anything for a first edition of Jethro Tull's *Horse-Hoeing Husbandry*, published in 1731.

After the fête at Castle Cary, I found a little shop where—to make good the gaps in the classics—I picked up the entire works of Scott, Thackeray and Tennyson for £2 12s. 6d. Respectable editions in good order.

**A BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER PAYS A VISIT TO HAMBURG: H.M.S. *Ocean*, a 13,000-ton light aircraft-carrier, is seen in the port of Hamburg during a recent visit.** She was launched in the last months of the war as one of the "Glory" class. Other ships in the same class are *Glory*, *Theseus*, *Triumph*, *Vengeance* and *Warrior*. They carry thirty-five aircraft, are capable of 25 knots, and have a complement of over 1,000. *Ocean* is in service in the Training Squadron. Her commander was entertained by the Mayor of Hamburg. The port, destroyed by bombing during the war, is now booming with Germany's immense shipbuilding programme. Because our shipyards cannot complete their orders by the specified times, British shipping lines are placing orders for repairs and for new ships in Hamburg. By 1945 Germany had lost 98 per cent. of her merchant fleet. Ten years later she had 3,000,000 tons on the sea. Wartime destruction has meant that German yards can begin from scratch with the most up-to-date equipment and techniques, and output per man is greater owing to there being fewer restrictive practices. Hamburg is still not working at full capacity.

# BIG SHIPS IN BIG PORTS

*H.M.S. "Ocean" Visits Hamburg; "Carinthia" Sails from Liverpool on her Maiden Voyage*

**A NEW CUNARD LINER LEAVES LIVERPOOL: *Carinthia* sails down the Mersey on her maiden voyage to Quebec and Montreal. The Royal Liver Building is in the left background. The 22,000-ton liner was launched by Princess Margaret on the Clyde in December. She is the third of four Cunarders planned for the Canadian service, and joins *Saxonia* and *Ivernia*, already in service. *Sylvania* will be launched next December. Like her sister-ships, *Carinthia* has a high superstructure and a domed funnel, designed to disperse smoke. She has a speed of about 20 knots, and will carry nearly 900 passengers. Stabilisers are fitted to reduce roll.**

THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY UNDER CONSTRUCTION: This great mass of concrete is only the beginning of a power station which will serve Canada and the United States. At its base is the dried-up bed of the St. Lawrence. One object of the seaway project is to provide electric power.

A HOUSE ON WHEELS: The St. Lawrence Seaway project is displacing several town sites on the Canadian shore. Here a house is being moved out of the way of a new canal. Elsewhere, the river will rise to inundate 20,000 acres

A SPECIAL CUSTOMS HOUSE FOR WORKERS ON THE SEAWAY: Where a causeway crosses the St. Lawrence, the frontier is marked by a Customs house to check the crossing of Canadian and American workmen.

THE ST. LAWRENCE STOPPED UP: Running from the bottom right is the causeway connecting Canada and Antarctica. The power station is under construction at the far end, near the Canadian bank

A NEW DAM IN GERMANY NEARS COMPLETION: When it is finished, in 1957, the dam on the River Wahn, a tributary of the Rhine, in Western Germany, will assure the drinking-water supply of the area around Bonn and Cologne. A lake three miles long will be formed by the river waters. The dam will be 164 ft. high and 964 ft. long.

A NEW PIER FOR DEAL: Construction work is progressing of precast concrete and is expected to be complete by will then be added to it, and it will not be ready for

**ROOM FOR OCEAN LINERS: This excavation at Massena, New York State, will be the Eisenhower Lock. It will be able to accommodate the largest ocean liners and forms part of one object of the St. Lawrence Seaway project: the creation of a channel that will enable ocean-going vessels to pass from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes.**

# PROGRESS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY

*And New Engineering Projects in West Germany and Britain*

The St. Lawrence Seaway and {Power Project is well under way, and will be completed by the end of 1958. Ocean-going ships will pass from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes and hydro-electric schemes will provide Canada and the U.S.A. with power during 1959. Most of Seaway lies in Canada, but the hydro-electric projects are under construction on the International Rapids section of the river, which runs between the Canadian and American shores. With international co-operation, dams and power stations are being built at Iroquois, Ontario, and between Cornwall, Ontario, and Massena, New York State. The electricity will be made available to both nations.

rapidly on the new pier at Deal, Kent. It is to be built September of this year. A pavilion and other amenities use by the public until next summer. It will cost £20,000.

**THE GOVERNMENT MAKES GOOD ITS DESTRUCTION: Carpenters are seen at work on the new pier at Deal. At the far end is the platform which will support the pavilion. The expense will be borne by the Government, for the original construction was blown up on official orders during the early days of the war as an anti-invasion measure.**

# "PYGMALION" TO MUSIC

*"My Fair Lady," an American Adaptation of Shaw's Pygmalion, is a Current Success on Broadway*

The American musical version of Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, *My Fair Lady*, has come to the Broadway stage by way of Gabriel Pascal's film adaptation of the play. The resultant combination of Shavian wit and musical comedy seems likely to fill the Mark Hellinger Theatre for many months to come. The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner and the admirable music by Frederick Loewe. The result, according to America's leading theatre critics, is a rare production blending wit, beauty and taste. There is as much to delight the eye as there is to entrance the ear. Cecil Beaton's costumes have had a marked success, whether he is clothing the barrow-boys of the Covent Garden Market or dealing with the sartorial elegance of the enclosure crowd at Ascot. The direction is by Moss Hart, and the very complicated production is under the care of Oliver Smith. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews take the two principal roles as Professor Higgins and Eliza Doolittle.

**SHAW ON BROADWAY: Miss Julie Andrews, as Eliza Doolittle in *My Fair Lady*, sees herself as a "lady," to the amusement of her friends in Covent Garden. The adaptation of Shaw's *Pygmalion* is at the moment a "smash-hit" on Broadway. *On left*—Stanley Holloway (in top-hat) plays the part of the lugubrious dustman with a breezy music-hall style. *On right*—Eliza (Julie Andrews) is carried away by her excitement during the "Ascot Gavotte," to the consternation of those around. Higgins' mother (Cathleen Nesbitt), wearing a boa, shudders as Eliza's language becomes more and more Billingsgate.**

**MISS DOOLITTLE'S RISE TO SOCIAL SUCCESS: Professor Higgins shows Eliza the phonetic signs he has been noting down in his book. The late Opera crowd look on mystified. *On right*—Professor Higgins takes Eliza to the Embassy Ball as his pupil.**

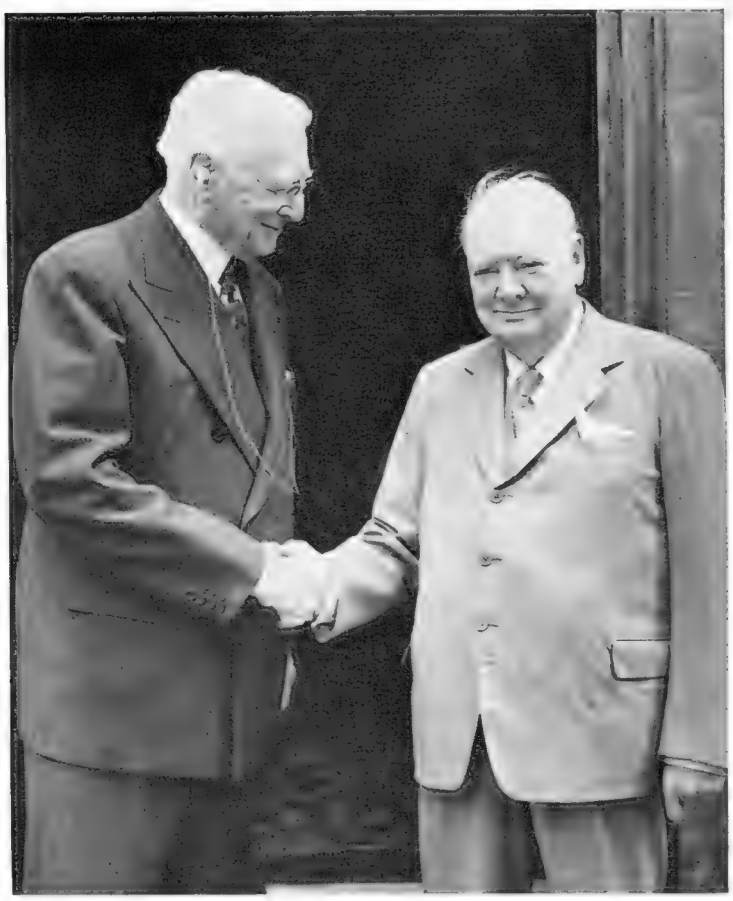
# PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

*Marilyn Monroe Marries; Eisenhower Convalescent; Russian Meets Greek; Elder Statesmen at Chartwell; Mr. Nehru in London; the Dutch Royal Family;*

**MARILYN MONROE MARRIES AGAIN: This unusually domesticated scene shows the celebrated American film actress with her husband, Mr. Arthur Miller, and his family.** He is Miss Monroe's third husband. The party is seen at the Millers' country home. From left to right—Mr. Isadore Miller, the husband's father, Miss Monroe, Mrs. Florence Miller, and her son. Arthur Miller is a playwright, author of several successful plays. These include *Death of a Salesman, The Crucible,* and *Rear Window.* Mr. Miller has appeared before the House of Representatives Committee on Un-American Activities. He was recently given ten days in which to avoid a charge of contempt of Congress by revealing the names of former acquaintances who belonged to organisations now held to be subversive.

**PRESIDENT EISENHOWER UP AND ABOUT AGAIN:** Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower smile down from a window of the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, while listening to a band concert given on the hospital lawn. The President spent three weeks recuperating from his recent abdominal operation, and left hospital last week for the 80-mile drive to Gettysburg. He is spending a fortnight or so on his farm there before returning to the White House to take up his duties. His next major official engagement is a visit to Panama. The first day of the President's convalescence was spent in celebrating his fortieth wedding anniversary. The total cost of his stay in hospital was £20 8s. 6½d. This included 7s. 5½d. per day for himself and 11s. 1d. per day for Mrs. Eisenhower, charged by the hospital for subsistence.

**THE SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER IN ATHENS:** Mr. Shepilov (on left) shakes hands with Mr. Karamanlis, the Greek Premier, as he arrives at the latter's office. After three days of consultations in Athens, Mr. Shepilov flew to Moscow. He had talks with Mr. Karamanlis and with Mr. Averoff, the Greek Foreign Minister. The Greek leaders refused an invitation to visit Moscow.



*On left—*

**TWO ELDER STATESMEN MEET AT CHARTWELL:** Sir Winston Churchill greets Mr. Bernard Baruch at his home. The American statesman is 85. This was his first visit to Britain since 1952. He spent a few days at Chartwell as the guest of Sir Winston.

**MR. NEHRU TALKS TO INDIAN STUDENTS IN LONDON:** The Prime Minister of India addresses a gathering of students at India House. Mrs. Pandit, the High Commissioner for India in London (on left), sits on the floor at her brother's feet.

**THE DUTCH ROYAL FAMILY IN AMSTERDAM:** Princess Beatrix (on right) paid her first official visit to Amsterdam last week. She accompanied Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard (left and right centre). On the left is the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, Dr. A. d'Ailli.

THE CENTRE OF AN OLD MARKET TOWN WHICH IS BECOMING NUCLEAR-MINDED: This is a view of the Buckinghamshire town of Amersham, close to which is the Radiochemical Centre, a major supplier of radioactive materials. The Centre is one of the establishments of the Research Division of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, under the direction of Sir John Cockcroft, of Harwell.

# ATOMIC ENERGY FOR HEALTH

*The Radiochemical Centre at Amersham Supplies Radioactive Materials for Medical Purposes*

The comparatively new buildings of the Radiochemical Centre at Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, were the first in this country to be specially designed to accommodate isotope production processes. They were built when the demand for radioactive isotopes from Harwell and Amersham had so greatly increased that for several of the more important isotopes it had become necessary to construct individual chemical plants, completely screened and remotely operated, and to install them in buildings designed for the purpose.

Radiochemical work was started at Amersham in 1940 in a private laboratory established to process radium for making self-luminous paints. Since then the laboratory has been considerably enlarged, and in 1950 the Centre became a branch of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment. To-day the Centre's special function is the production and sale of both artificial and natural radioactive materials, and it despatches a considerable number of consignments each year. Its products are used in medicine, industry and research by doctors, engineers and scientists in nearly fifty countries. The radioactive materials are derived from substances specially irradiated in the piles at Harwell and Windscale, from fission products (a source likely to become more important as the power programme gathers momentum) and from natural radioactive elements. These materials are received at the Radiochemical Centre in the raw state and are carefully processed into the required form by specially evolved remote handling equipment.

In the medical field radioactive appliances and drugs are provided for use in therapy, diagnosis and research. New methods of treatment have already resulted in the saving of life in certain cases and many new variations of old methods have greatly improved and extended the scope of radiotherapy. In industry, radioisotopes are now used both in routine production and in research.

THE FOUR PROCESS BUILDINGS IN WHICH RADIOACTIVE SOURCES ARE CHEMICALLY PURIFIED: Each building is provided with all the services necessary for conducting radioactive processes efficiently and safely, particularly ventilation and special drainage for radioactive effluent. They are well separated from each other, in order to reduce the radiation field between them, and to allow access for vehicles delivering supplies of radioactive raw materials from Harwell.

PRECAUTIONS FOR THE WORKERS: An operator standing behind a lead frame is unscrewing the cap of a bottle of a radioactive liquid with a remote handling equipment. The screen protects him from the rays given off by the radioactive material.

PREPARING SAMPLES OF CÆSIUM-137: The man is operating a remote handling equipment which works through a ball joint in the protective lead shield. Cæsium-137 is a waste product from nuclear reactors and is used for medical and industrial purposes.

A DELIVERY FROM HARWELL: Staff are manhandling a heavy container in which radioactive material has been despatched from Harwell to be chemically separated and purified.

THE RADIOCHEMICAL CENTRE AT AMERSHAM: A general view of some of the buildings which were the first in the country to be specially designed to accommodate isotope production processes. The first four buildings were completed in 1954. One is used for the separation of fission products; another for the production of radioactive iodine, phosphorus, and other isotopes; another for biological processes, and the fourth as a dispensary for radioactive solutions.

N THE DISPENSARY: The operator is using remote control equipment for handling radioactive liquids.

AT WORK IN THE CENTRE: *Left*—In packing the radioactive isotopes great care is taken to prevent the glass containers from breaking during transit. *Right*—Radioactive sheet-metal is being rolled into very thin foil for industrial purposes. It may be used as a static eliminator in textiles.

)PERATING REMOTE HANDLING TONGS: *Above* and *below*—Some of the instruments which are used in the manipulation of radioactive sources.

A DISPENSARY FOR RADIOACTIVE MATERIALS: The case seen in the centre of this general view of the dispensary has thick perspex windows to protect the operators from the radioactive materials. In this particular instance they are not very penetrating. On the left are cases of lead bricks which interlock to form a shield for protection from more intense radioactive sources.

*The Sphere of Travel*

# THE TWO RIVIERAS: MARSEILLES TO LA SPEZIA

*A Highly Organised Holiday Coast Adjoins Less Sophisticated and more Leisurely Seaports*

By GORDON COOPER

EVERYONE, at some time or other, must surely feel the desire to visit the French and Italian Rivieras. This is a coast fringed by a virtually tideless sea, lying at the feet of mountains, under a sky of picture-postcard blue. Trees and flowers, coloured rocks and ancient villages complete a dreamlike landscape.

However, some practical advice, based on an exhaustive tour of this 400-mile stretch of coast, may not be out of place. It is not easy to glean ideas from the mass of publicity brochures on just the kind of spot to suit your individual requirements. Going to the right place at the right time is a matter that needs discrimination, if your visit is to be an experience you 'll never forget.

Sometimes I am asked which of the Rivieras I like best—the French or the Italian. You might as well ask me which I prefer—pears or peaches. Like most travellers, I appreciate variety. It is not easy to compare the two stretches of coast, for the simple reason that a different race lives in each area, and this results in an entirely different outlook on life. On the French Riviera you find the most highly organised holiday coast in Europe, while on the Italian Riviera you feel more free to be lazy and to arrange your own forms of entertainment.

Taking first the French Riviera, including Monaco, the four main centres are Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo and Menton. During its High Season, Cannes is the most fashionable and elegant resort on the Côte d'Azur, and far removed from the days when Tobias Smollett described it as being "a little fishing town agreeably situated on the beach." This Mecca for millionaires and film-stars breathes luxury: the fine yachts in the harbour, the dazzling shops on the Croisette, the parade of sun-tanned torsos, and the fantastic galas are hardly an inducement to the thrifty traveller. Yet, although the accent is on wealth and the fabulous Carlton Hotel, the Savoy nearby (medium-priced) and the Wagram (1,800 francs all-in pension) are two establishments for those who like to be part of the glitter, but at a reasonable cost.

Nice is the best centre for excursions on the Côte d'Azur, and it is also my own personal favourite. I don't like the pebbly beach, but there is the colourful life of the city and restaurants that provide nostalgic memories: Le Petit Brouand, Da Bouttau, Chez Mémère and L'Aïoli. And for excursions, on no account miss the long trip to the Gorges of Verdon, one of the grandest natural attractions in France. It is worth mentioning that self-drive cars are easily obtainable in Nice, and I recommend this form of transportation in preference to the bus-excursions, for French buses are rarely comfortable, and you must adhere to their time-table. For those who would like to stay in one of the near-by hill villages, there is Saint-Paul-de-Vence with some first-class hotels, but I would like to recommend the delightful Hostellerie du Piol, about two miles distant, where you can lead the peaceful life in a lovely situation for 2,000 francs a day.

Monaco is the sun-trap of the Côte d'Azur, and while it is a purely artificial paradise, it offers an insidious appeal. It is the place I would choose for a winter holiday or for retirement. Its casino is rather dowdy to-day, thronged with day-excursion parties and queues waiting to throw away money on fruit-machines, yet the profits enable the administration to provide a constant round of first-class entertainment.

Menton, near the Italian frontier, is a favourite with British visitors, and it has the warmest climate on the French Riviera. Its beach is stony, but it is a pleasant place in which to laze, while it offers many delightful excursions, including the one-way trip to the Italian Riviera. This is a road unfortunately marred by a continuous procession of advertisement signs. Just on the outskirts of Menton is Les Colombières, an unusual hotel which is surrounded by several acres of lovely gardens. Here you can eat beside the "Garden of Homer" and sleep in a Venetian suite, whose bedroom has an adjoining bathroom designed in the style of the fourteenth century.

As hotels play an important part in the success of a holiday on the Riviera, I give these personal recommendations: La Réserve* (Beaulieu), Cap Estel* (Eze-sur-Mer), Grand (St.-Jean-Cap-Ferrat), Grand* and the Juana (both in Juan-les-Pins), and Auberge La Calanque (Le Lavandou, fine beach and especially suitable for a family holiday). Then for those who seek a restful spot I suggest the Grand (Bormes, inland from Le Lavandou) and Le Manoir (Port-Cros, Ile d'Hyères). Those hotels marked with an asterisk are definitely in the luxury category and charge accordingly. I regret that I cannot answer queries dealing with accommodation.

It would be difficult to secure accommodation in the hotels I have named during July and August, but I consider September to be the ideal month on this coast. The weather is cooler, the mosquitoes have gone, there are not the milling holiday crowds, and there is better service in the hotels and restaurants. Bathing, too, is delightful.

It is impossible in a single article to deal with all the resorts on the French Riviera. Briefly, I would warn you that Cassis, my first choice of resorts close to Marseilles, gets overrun at week-ends with crowds of visitors from this city. Hyères, fashionable in the old days, is now a little dowdy, though its climate is relaxing. St.-Tropez (Hotel Aïoli recommended) is delightful, but some nearby villages along the main coastal road have been so built up with large camps and bungalows that they have lost much of their appeal for discriminating visitors. However, Agay, Le Trayas and Anthéor are three small places which have not yet been spoilt and can be recommended for those liking a quiet holiday. Local bus services take you quickly into the nearest popular centre. If you get off the beaten track is the Ile de Porquerolles, next to the Ile de Port-Cros, where the Hotel Miramar can be recommended.

Further information can be obtained from the French Government Tourist Office, 178, Piccadilly, W.1.

**A VILLA ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA: The Villa Della Rovere is at Albisola Superiore, near Savona. Albisola was the birthplace of Giuliano della Rovere, who became Pope Julius II. It stands on the hills above Albisola Marina, its companion town on the sea, which is noted for pottery.**

**A FAMILIAR HARBOUR: The houses of Portofino, coming right down to the edge of the harbour, make a picture that tourists know well. Although a popular resort, Portofino, on its wooded headland, is only a small fishing village. Above the village is the Church of San Giorgio, which is reputed to contain the bones of St. George.**

Once across the frontier—a bottle-neck for motorists unless they make an early start and get through the Customs at an early hour—you enter a different world. For some miles the coast is known as the Riviera dei Fiori, and in its various resorts such as Bordighera, Ospedaletti and San Remo, you find densely-flowered slopes surrounding the towns. San Remo is the most fashionable centre on the Italian Riviera and possesses the only gambling casino on this coast. My hotel recommendations are the Royal and the Savoy, both in the luxury category, the Astoria West-End (1) and the National (2).

Diano Marina, twenty miles east of San Remo, has a fine sandy beach and can be recommended for those who prefer a quiet holiday in beautiful scenery. Next comes Alassio, standing at the head of a lovely bay. The beach is superb, there are varied entertainments, and the Hotel Mediterraneo (1) can be recommended.

Not far from Alassio is the most interesting town of Albenga—not a holiday resort, however. Here you find a Roman bridge, a remarkable fifth-century baptistry, which is one of the finest examples of early Christian art in Italy, and an imposing cathedral. As I roamed around this miniature city I came constantly on exciting discoveries: the little Piazza dei Leoni, with three old lions in greenish-black stone, and the ground paved with black and white bands of cobblestone; and then a mile outside the town the remarkable church of San Giorgio di Campochiesa, which contains some fine frescoes. (The caretaker at a nearby cottage has the key.)

I come next to the family resort, Finale Ligure, whose beach is excellent. Other pleasing small resorts before Genoa is reached are Spotorno and Celle. I think I should also include Arenzano, for it has many walks in the surrounding countryside.

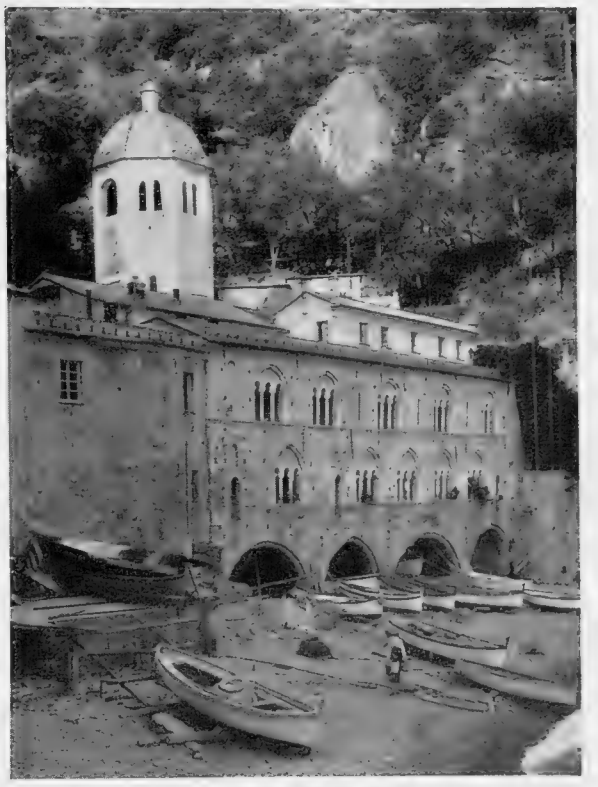
East of Genoa is the Riviera di Levante, with such well-known resorts as Nervi, Santa Margherita, Rapallo and Portofino. My own favourite is Nervi, a sun-trap set in exotic surroundings, conveniently close to Genoa. Scenically, I think this portion of the Italian Riviera is unexcelled. "There is nothing in Italy more beautiful to me than the coast road between Genoa and Spezia," wrote Dickens in his *Pictures from Italy*.

The road to Spezia runs inland, with the Cinque Terre to the right. Here is a group of five small fishing villages clinging to the rock cliffs around five deep bays. There are no roads and only simple inns, but the local wines are notable.

For further information consult the Italian State Tourist Department, 201, Regent Street, London, W.1.

# COAST TOWNS OF THE RIVIERAS

THE COASTLINE OF THE PRINCIPALITY: These bays at Monte Carlo are typical of the much-indented coast of the Riviera. The picture looks eastwards towards Menton and Italy. Monte Carlo is a cosmopolitan creation of nineteenth-century wealth and fashion. Monaco, the capital, is a small old town, quiet, without hotels.



A SEAFARERS' CHURCH NEAR PORTOFINO: The Church of San Fruttuoso, which formed part of a tenth-century abbey, contains tombs of the famous Doria family.

A SMALL RESORT NEAR CANNES: Théoule-sur-Mer is an unpretentious fishing port between St. Raphael and Cannes. It has three small bathing-beaches, and no elaborate amenities. The Corniche d'Or road runs above the town.

VILLEFRANCHE-SUR-MER: This seaport, lying between Nice and Menton, has the finest sheltered harbour between Golfe Juan and Genoa, and is a naval station as well as a holiday resort. The roadstead is 2 miles by 1½ miles in extent. The houses rise in tiers on the wooded hills surrounding the town.

TOWNS OF THE ITALIAN RIVIERA: *Above*—Rapallo is the most popular resort on the Riviera di Levante, visited principally for its surrounding scenery. *On right*—Santa Margherita Ligure, the point where excursions start for Portofino.

# THE NEW HABERDASHERS' HALL

*It is the Third to be Built on the Same City of London Site in 500 Years*

**THE SPLENDOUR OF THE NEW LIVERY HALL OF THE HABERDASHERS' COMPANY: A view of the hall in Staining Lane, which was opened last week by the Lord Mayor of London. It is the first of the City of London livery halls completely destroyed during the war to be rebuilt.** The coat of arms on the left centre of the picture has been presented to the Company by Mr. E. A. Last-Smith, Past-Master. Found recently in an antique shop, it is believed to have been lost about the time of the Great Fire of London, when the original hall was destroyed. The portrait on the left is of George I and that at the far end is of the Duke of Connaught. The new hall is the third to be built on the same site in 500 years, the last hall, built by Wren in 1668, having been destroyed by enemy action in December 1940. The architect is Major Arthur Ash.

**THE WEST SIDE OF THE LIVERY HALL: The portraits include Masters of the Company and a seventeenth-century Lord Mayor. Around the hall are the Arms of Liverymen who have held the office of Lord Mayor since 1483. The hall is panelled in oak.**

**THE BINDING PARLOUR: Leading off this vestibule are Livery Hall, Court Room and Committee Room. The portrait is of Sir George Whitmore, Lord Mayor and Master, 1631. *On right*—The pictures in the Court Room include those of George III and Queen Charlotte, by Reynolds. The chandelier is from the old hall.**

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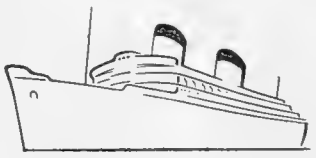

20, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, and Travel Agents.

*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# EMINENT VICTORIANS

*Biographies of Samuel Smiles and Mary Kingsley ; Travel in Three Continents ; War and Health ; A Novel about Transatlantic Flight, and Other Fiction*

"IDIOTS never change," said Samuel Smiles on one of the occasions when he changed his job. "Sensible men change for the better." The saying was typical of the man who had been a doctor, a newspaper editor, a railway secretary, an insurance official, a biographer and the author of the literally world-famous *Self Help*. There *is* such a thing as reading a book too young, no matter what the new educationalists say, and I must confess that having ploughed through *Self Help* before I was in my teens—I cannot imagine why—I was left with the impression of vast tracts of boredom and complacence. His biography, however, quite dispels that idea and a new, vivid and extremely engaging picture is created by his grand-daughter, Miss Aileen Smiles, of a "plain man who liked plain speaking." He was, nevertheless, something of a snob, enjoyed travel in a thoroughly Victorian way, and was immensely full of energy and immensely interested in people. SAMUEL SMILES AND HIS SURROUNDINGS (Robert Hale. 18s.) has no particular pretensions to literary style, but it does show the man himself as he must have been, and that is the essence of good biography.

One of the most extraordinary Englishwomen in our history was Mary Kingsley, the niece of the novelist Charles Kingsley. Just over sixty years ago this young woman set out after her parents' deaths for Sierra Leone and the interior. On her return to England the next year and the publication of her two travel books, both of which were best-sellers, she became a highly distinguished figure not only in her own country, but up and down the "Coast," where her name and her amazing courage and independence became almost legendary. Mary Kingsley loved Africa and felt completely at home there. She died at the age of thirty-eight nursing enemy prisoners in the Boer War. By that time she had been recognised not only as a scientist, but as an expert on colonial questions. THIS IS YOUR HOME (Heinemann. 16s.) is Miss Kathleen Wallace's portrait of her ; a gay, courageous, intellectual, humble, staunch and often very funny woman.

**AN AUTHOR IN HIS OWN FILM : The French dramatist André Roussin is made up for the part of an Academician which he will play in the screen version of his play, *Quand l'Enfant Paraît*. M. Roussin is perhaps best known in Britain for his play *The Little Hut*.**

The next three books deal in their very different ways with travel, too. First, there is Mr. Peter Tutein's collection of memoirs, LOVE IN UNFAMILIAR PLACES (Elek. 16s.). The author has had an adventurous as well as a travelling life. He has been a trapper in Greenland, a sealer in the White Sea, a writer in Copenhagen, a wireless operator (more or less) on a South American trip and the husband successively of four charming ladies. Mr. Tutein's style is breezy and light-hearted, in spite of the gravity and even the danger of some of the incidents and exploits he describes.

THE WAY OF THE WILDERNESS (Hammond and Hammond. 15s.)—as far as travel goes—is not an exceptionally far-reaching book since it is only concerned with the experiences of someone who left an American city to stay in the Adirondack mountains, not many hundred miles away, but remote all the same, and particularly in the winter-time. Martha Reben writes with a disarming blend of the city-bred amateur and the natural observer of wild life. She has great sensitivity when it comes to the observation of animals in their natural frame and, I would add, great forces of endurance in facing such loneliness and such spartan conditions as she chose for herself.

Mr. Godfrey Lias has written of one of the strangest journeys of the last few years, in which 20,000 families set out from their home in the region of Sinkiang and Outer Mongolia and journeyed south with all their household goods, their camels, sheep and horses, to escape from Communist domination. After two years, less than a quarter of the original number reached Kashmir and eventually even fewer arrived in Turkey, where they hope to form a nucleus for a fresh existence. KAZAK EXODUS (Evans. 15s.) is a story of horrible privations and disasters, but it is also a story of unbroken endeavour and of a driving force which made a people endure great suffering for the preservation of their own and highly individual freedom.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WESTERN WORLD *and Their Influence Upon History* (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 45s.) is Major-General J. F. C. Fuller's third volume in this impressive series. It continues the chronicle from the American Civil War to the end of the Second World War, and examines sixty-eight battles and sieges. As in the earlier volumes, General Fuller's approach to the subject on which he has done so much research is vigorous, analytical and, above all, clear to anyone who has the slightest interest in military history.

From war to health. MANKIND AGAINST THE KILLERS (Longmans. 15s.) is an account, by Mr. James Hemming, of the world-long struggle against disease and pestilence, up to the full-scale efforts to-day of the World Health Organisation, whose late Director-General, Dr. Brock Chisholm, has written a foreword. The fact that the book tends to read like an official paper does not detract from its universal interest.

The first two novels are diametrically opposite examples of how writers may treat the theme of houses and, indeed, existence in the English countryside. SUNK ISLAND (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.), by Mr. Hubert Nicholson, is set in the East Riding of Yorkshire and the Humber Estuary. While it has a constant and beautifully observed background of that countryside, it is mainly a strong and passionate human story, absorbing and even moving in its telling, with a fine simplicity and a real sense of the humanities.

FOR EVERY FAVOUR (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is Mrs. Ruby Ferguson's story of a boy who grows up in a Shropshire village to become a butler—an excellent one—to travel to the United States and to return at last to his own home and to the philosophic reflections of age. Temperate in emotional climate, readable and as nostalgic as a knot garden.

THE PROVING FLIGHT (Secker and Warburg. 14s.) has an aeroplane as its hero, a vast plane designed to be flown non-stop from London to New York in the worst kinds of weather. It sets out on its first journey with the chairman of the air line and an Under-Secretary for Air as two of the carefully chosen passengers. It flies into trouble, there are delays, it flies on, and I wouldn't think of lessening the tension by telling you what happens eventually. Mr. David Beaty does this kind of thing admirably.

Everyone has his own preconceived ideas about the greatest cities and, in turn, everyone who visits them or lives in them makes a private version of *his* city. even to the man for whom Paris meant "a terrible head cold and not a chance of getting any antihistamines." In ALONG THE ARNO (Secker and Warburg. 15s.) the Florence of which Mr. Brian Glanville writes with such wit and sympathy is partly and necessarily his own view of the city. But, since he is in a fair way to becoming a first-rate novelist, it is also the Florence or Florences of his two principal characters, a wide-eyed American girl and a disillusioned Hungarian. Very clever, and convincing.

Mr. John Brophy's short new novel, THE PRINCE AND PETRONELLA (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.), has a small seaside principality as its setting, a monarch as its hero, a lovely girl as its heroine and a crisis at the Casino as its motivating force. The writing, however, does its amusing best to defeat any charges of over-familiarity.

All those young men who have thought that there was a great future in playing a trumpet even if they weren't Louis Armstrong may consider themselves vindicated by Mr. Frederic Raphael's novel, OBBLIGATO (Macmillan. 13s. 6d.), for in this the hero's rise to fame and fortune is entirely based on his ambition to be a trumpet-player. To be scrupulously exact, the graph of his success begins to climb when he finds he can't play it at all for nerves and starts to croak a song instead, but that is neither here nor there. This is a light and funny book: a more difficult thing to achieve, I have often thought, than a heavy and solemn one.

The most considerable American novel of the week is Mr. John O'Hara's TEN NORTH FREDERICK (Cresset Press. 16s.). That is partly because he is a considerable author and partly because the present book, based on quantity and substance alone, would make its mark under any name. The setting is a Pennsylvanian town and the protagonists of the fairly simple story are a rich family with a glossy, traditional façade and a cankered kind of home life. This plain outline is decorated with endless elaboration by Mr O'Hara to make a rich, heavy book that is far from the toughness and spareness of his earlier work or from the shock tactics of his memorable *Butterfield* 8.

# POLITICAL FREEDOM

*The Growth of our Democracy*

The establishment of a workable system of representative government and of the essential political freedoms were the supreme English achievements of the seventeenth century. This is the theme which William McElwee, History Tutor at Stowe School, elaborates in ENGLAND'S PRECEDENCE (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.). He shows how great was the impact of the interregnum, how disastrous in many ways were its policies, with sovereignty laid low and liberty ousted. He admits that his sources are, for the most part, of a secondary character, and that he owes a great debt to all the many and various historians of the period, Gardiner, Feiling, Clark, Mathew, Trevelyan and Bryant among them. But this does not make his book the less acceptable, and his lively marshalling of the facts is an excellent piece of work. Mr. McElwee, it may be remembered, has already written a most admirable historical restatement regarding *The Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury*.

Jasper More is a Shropshire landowner engaged in the day-to-day business of farming, market gardening and forestry, and his home is a Palladian mansion upon the Welsh Marches. Despite all the preoccupations of his own demesne, serving on the local bench, and acting as secretary to the local hunt, Mr. More has always contrived time for foreign travel and time, too, to write about his travels. His book *The Land of Italy*, published in 1949, is now in its third edition. Even more elaborate is Mr. More's latest work on THE MEDITERRANEAN (Batsford. 25s.). Once again his individual point of view and sense of proportion prevail over a massive subject. The secret of Mr. More's success owes something to his sense of the past and perhaps even more to his own personal zest for travel, seeing new places and making new contacts. If there is one major omission it lies perhaps in the author's scant attention to wildly popular but not so very well-known Majorca. But Mr. More is always a delightful and beguiling guide.

Another *must* for the holidaymaker is Christopher Trent's MOTORISTS' COMPANION ON THE HIGHWAYS OF SCOTLAND (George Newnes. 21s.). This is an admirable handbook. It can be used for planning a holiday or a business journey. No doubt its possessors will read and re-read it again when holidays are over to re-create the pleasures of the road. The highways described, which are each accompanied by an easy-to-follow route chart, cover every part of Scotland. The adventurous are taken to places off the beaten track—to Applecross and Glenelg, and remote Elgol, in the Isle of Skye.

Raymond de Coccola was born in Corsica in 1912 in the village from which his ancient family takes its name. In 1937, after a period of training in the Haute Savoie, he was sent at his own request among the Eskimos of the Canadian Central Arctic and from then until he was invalided out in 1949, he visited the outside world only once. In AYORAMA (Oxford University Press, London: Cumberlege. 21s.) he has had the collaboration of Paul King, the author and journalist. With James Houston, who contributes a memorable series of drawings, they present a remarkable picture of Eskimo life. Raymond de Coccola reveals his loving understanding of the Eskimo people. He shared their quarters in igloo and tent, travelled with them on land and sea, and took his full share in the skilled and unremitting labour of the hunt. He explains racial characteristics with skill and candour. Altogether *Ayorama* is a superb volume about a people oppressed by centuries of privation, who have little sense either of past or future. They are inevitably obsessed with the day-to-day struggle of living.

In much the same vein, but dealing with an entirely different corner of the world, is Russell Warren Howe's THEIRS THE DARKNESS (Herbert Jenkins. 16s.). Amid the forests of the Gaboon, in French Equatorial Africa, in one of the most primitive regions of the African Continent, Mr. Howe penetrated by dugout canoe, and along the forest tracks. His solitary exploration is a fine achievement, and his book is a very solid contribution to our knowledge of this hinterland.

Professor J. L. B. Smith, one of the most celebrated living ichthyologists, has written the story of the cœlacanth under the racy title of OLD FOURLEGS (Longmans. 21s.). Here the sensational scientific discovery is described by the scientist who is one of the central figures in the unfolding tale. The cœlacanth is believed to have become extinct 50,000,000 years before 1938 when South African trawlermen made the first find. How Professor Smith persisted in seeking a second specimen, is an enthralling tale.

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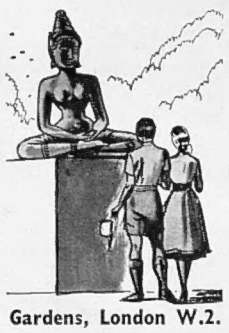

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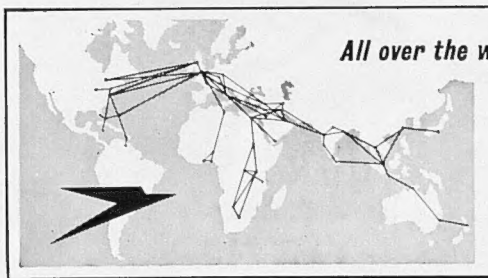

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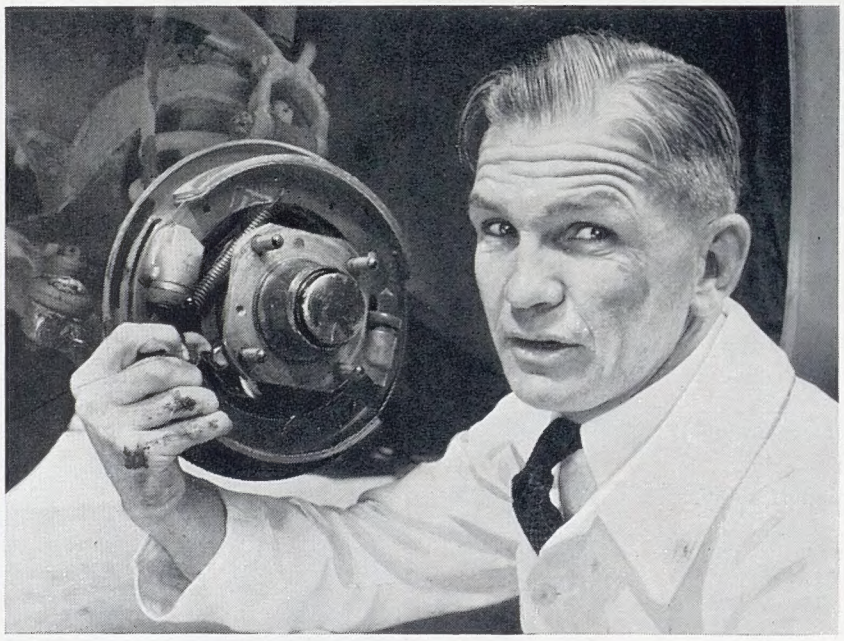

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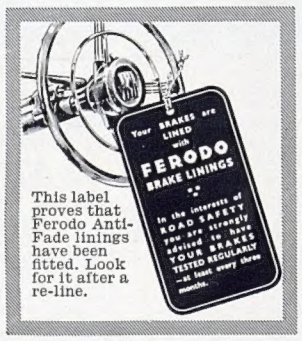


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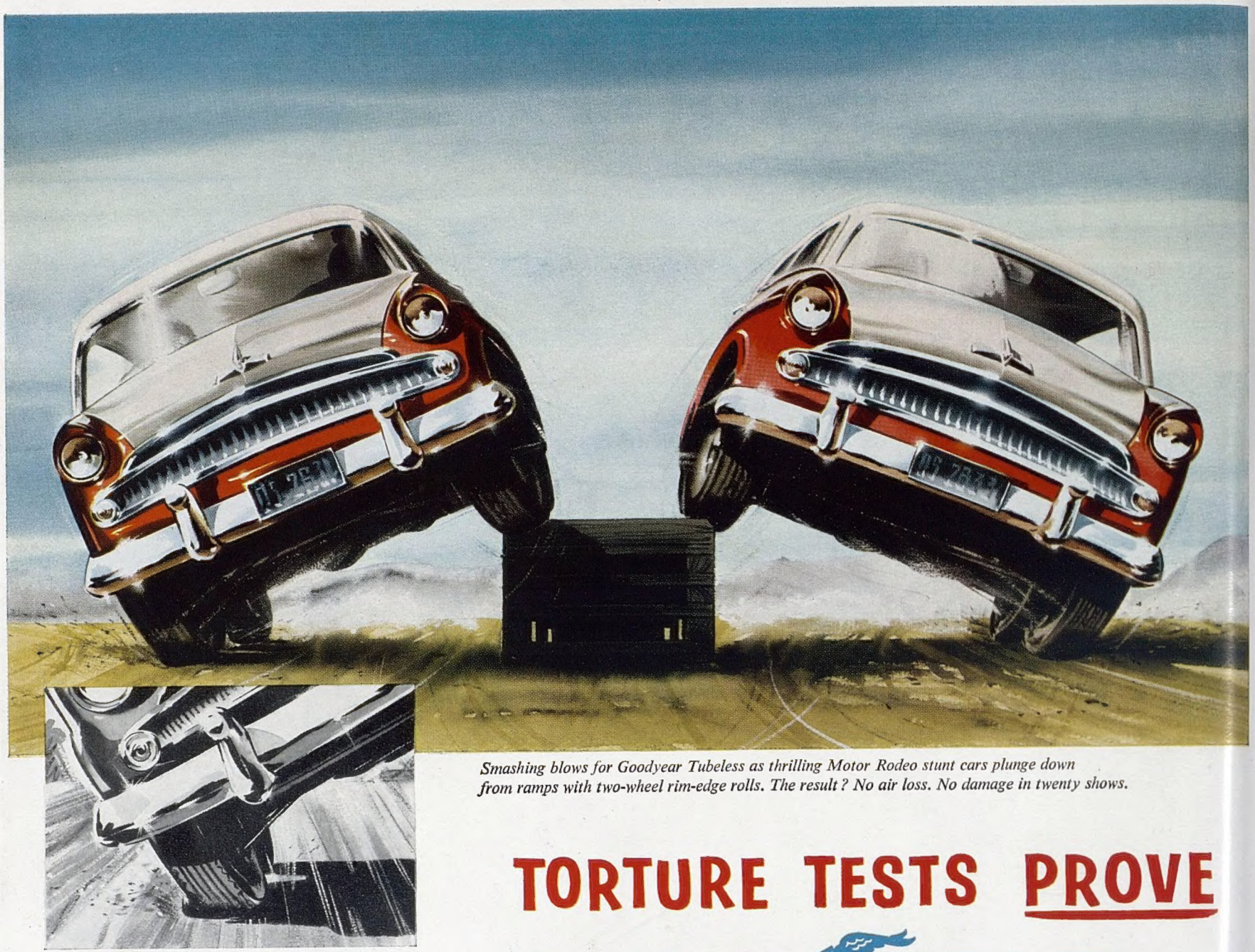

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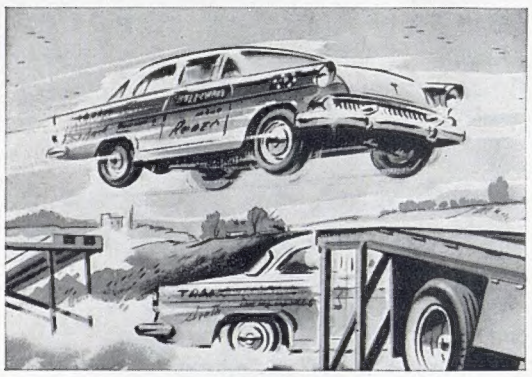

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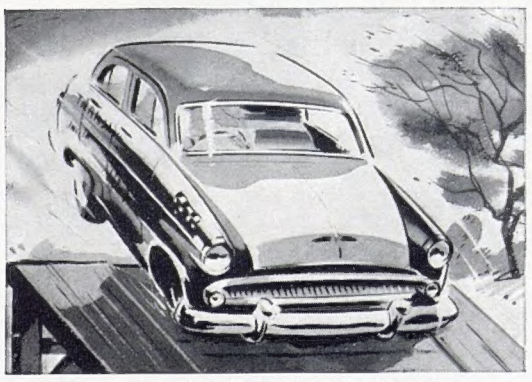

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